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MARK SPILKA

Kafka's Sources For *The Metamorphosis*

UNTIL recently, Franz Kafka's reputation for dazzling originality has remained unchallenged. His spectacular opening scenes, in which a groom and horses rise up out of a pigsty, or a salesman wakes in the shape of a giant insect, have seemed unparalleled in serious fiction; and his extension of their dreamlike possibilities has reinforced the myth of his uniqueness. There is growing evidence, however, that Kafka was a synthetic writer, that his greatest works were built on frames supplied by other authors, and that he was original in the best sense, in his development of the latent tendencies in older forms. Thus scholars have discovered sources for *The Trial* in Dickens' *Bleak House* and Tolstoy's *The Death of Ivan Ilyich*, for *The Castle* in a Czech novel called *The Grandmother*, and for "In the Penal Colony" in Mirbeau's *The Torture Garden*.[1] In his diaries, Kafka himself lists minor influences on "The Judgment," and calls his first long novel, *Amerika*, a "sheer imitation" of Dickens' *David Copperfield* in method and detail.[2]

[1] See Philip Rahv, "The Death of Ivan Ilyich and Joseph K.," *Image and Idea* (Norfolk, Conn., 1957), pp. 121-139; Max Brod, "*The Castle*: Its Genesis," in *Franz Kafka Today*, ed. Angel Flores and Homer Swander (Madison, 1958), pp. 161-164; and Wayne Burns, "'In the Penal Colony': Variations on a Theme by Octave Mirbeau," *Accent*, XVII (Winter 1957), 45-51. For brief comparisons between *Bleak House* and *The Trial*, see Rudolf Vasata, "*Amerika* and Charles Dickens," in *The Kafka Problem*, ed. Angel Flores (New York, 1946), p. 135; and George H. Ford, *Dickens and His Readers* (Princeton, 1955), pp. 255-256.

[2] *The Diaries of Franz Kafka: 1910-1913*, ed. Max Brod, trans. Joseph Kresh (New York, 1948), p. 276; and *The Diaries of Franz Kafka: 1914-1923*, ed. Max Brod, trans. Martin Greenberg and Hannah Arendt (New York, 1949), pp. 188-189. Hereafter cited: *Diaries I* and *Diaries II*. For essays on *Amerika* and *Copperfield*, see Vasata, *op. cit.*; E. W. Tedlock, Jr., "Kafka's Imitation of *David Copperfield*, *CL*, VII (1955), 52-62; Roy Pascal, "Dickens and Kafka," *The Listener*, Apr. 26, 1956, pp. 504-506; and my own "*Amerika*: Its Genesis," in *Franz Kafka Today, op. cit.*, pp. 95-116.

Kafka's genius must then be gauged, like that of other authors, in terms of influence and tradition. The question is: In terms of what tradition? Philip Rahv defines it, ideologically, as a tendency "against scientific rationalism, against civilization, against the heresies of the man of the city whose penalty is spiritual death"; in Kafka, this tendency is balanced by an even greater stress on the *humanity* of the dying hero, regardless of his heresies. This leaves him still a formal innovator, in Rahv's words, an idiosyncratic writer who "departed from the norms of the literary imagination."[3] Actually there is nothing idiosyncratic about Kafka's genius; in form and content, he belongs to a special order of the urban grotesque, with its roots in German romanticism of the early nineteenth century and in Russian and English realism of the middle decades.

Consider the origin of his great short novel, *The Metamorphosis.* It was written in the fall of 1912, along with "The Judgment" and the early chapters of *Amerika,* in a veritable burst of "imitative" writing. Its basic method, that of psychological fantasy, had been anticipated by Hoffmann in the early 1800s; its blend of fantasy with urban realism began with Gogol and Dostoevsky in succeeding decades; and its central situation, that of a son locked in his room and abhorred by his own family, was first devised by Dickens at mid-century. In effect, these writers formed a literary trend, which Kafka brought to full fruition or perhaps brought into being with his story, as he synthesized and clarified the latent form. To trace the origins of *The Metamorphosis* is to establish the existence of this trend, to place Kafka well within it, and to link him especially with two other masters of the genre, Dickens and Dostoevsky, who provided the immediate sources for his story.

The trail begins with E. T. A. Hoffmann, a German romantic who was fascinated with doubles. This was a familiar theme in German literature, one of the first foreshadowings of the modern concept of the unconscious. To enhance the theme, Hoffmann added the principle of hostility between doubles, or the conflict of perverse and evil impulses with the most intense idealism. His own divided nature provided the insight. As a legal councilor in Berlin and Warsaw, he knew the drabness, poverty, and obtuseness of the bureaucratic world. At the same time he tried to escape that world through lyric and imaginative flights in art and music. He tried to lead two lives, and became himself perverse and hostile in the process. But, instead of presenting that split directly, in terms of his own experience, he projected it into the realm of fairy tale and fantasy. His doubles lived on a superearthly plane, in

[3] *Op. cit.*, p. 121.

country inns and castles; they remained cut off, as it were, from their social and psychic origins, except for passing contact with the urban scene. It took a dose or two of Russian realism to bring them down to earth again, and back to their proper quarters; and, aptly enough, it took another frustrated idealist, Nikolai Gogol, to administer the first dose.

Gogol too was familiar with bureaucracy, having served for a time as a government clerk in St. Petersburg. But, instead of suppressing his experience, he used it to depict the insignificant lives of office drudges. He was the first to give careful and sympathetic attention to such types, the first to expose the squalor and banality of their existence. According to one critic, he was a romantic pessimist who fought ugliness in a peculiar way, by recording it in minute detail.[4] On his romantic side, he was attracted to Hoffmann; but as a pessimist he was skeptical of Hoffmann's buoyant and exotic manner—he liked to parody him by shifting his magic events to urban settings and exploiting their comic possibilities. Thus, in "The Nose," he directly spoofs the double theme in Hoffman.

In the second chapter of this tale, a lowly clerk awakens, stretches, and looks in the mirror for a pimple which had broken out on his nose the night before. To his astonishment his nose is gone. He pinches himself to make sure he is not asleep ("But no; he was no longer asleep"), and then leaps from his bed and begins to search for the missing organ. Later on his nose turns up as an independent being, a grandly dressed state councilor, the embodiment of his snobbery and sexual longing. Gogol archly concludes that "the strangest, most unintelligible fact of all is that authors actually can select such occurrences for their subject!" Without thinking much about it, he had changed the setting to satirize Hoffmann's favorite subject. But there was one perceptive reader, Dostoevsky, who took this transfer seriously. He admired Hoffman as a brilliant psychologist, but saw also that his doubles *belonged* in the urban world which had produced them; that they were more at home, as it were, in flats and offices than in country inns and castles. Accordingly, when he wrote his second novel, he restored the double to his proper dignity, and kept him in his proper quarters.

This second novel, called *The Double,* was based conceptually on "The Nose," but owed much to other tales by Gogol and Hoffmann. By a curious fluke of scholarship, two modern critics have skipped over these connections and compared "The Nose" with the opening of *The Metamorphosis,* where a young commercial traveler, Gregor Samsa,

[4] Janko Lavrin, ed., *Stories from St. Petersburg,* by Nikolai Gogol (London, 1945), p. 8.

wakes up in the shape of a giant insect.[5] But Kafka followed *The Double* in his story; it was Dostoevsky who followed Gogol. If we restore the missing link, we can see how an original image, rather farcical and slight, gains force and power through brilliant imitation. Consider the opening of *The Double*, in the light of Gogol's comic image; but at the same time, keep Kafka's insect well in mind. I have italicized the lines derived from Gogol.

It was a little before eight o'clock in the morning when Yakov Petrovitch Golyadkin, a titular councillor, woke up from a long sleep. He yawned, stretched, and at last opened his eyes completely. For two minutes, however, he lay in bed without moving, as though he were not yet quite certain *whether he were awake or still asleep,* whether all that was going on around him were real and actual, or the continuation of his confused dreams. Very soon, however, Mr. Golyadkin's senses began... to receive their habitual and everyday impressions. The dirty green, smoke-begrimed, dusty walls of his little room, with the mahogany chest of drawers and chairs, the table painted red... and the clothes taken off in haste overnight and flung in a crumpled heap on the sofa, looked at him familiarly. At last the damp autumn day, muggy and dirty, peeped into the room through the dingy window with such a hostile, sour grimace that Mr. Golyadkin could not possibly doubt that he was not in the land of Nod, but in the city of Petersburg, in his own flat on the fourth story of a huge block of buildings in Shestilavotchny Street. When he had made this important discovery Mr. Golyadkin nervously closed his eyes, as though regretting his dream and wanting to go back to it for a moment. *But a minute later he leapt out of bed at one bound,* [and] *ran straight to a little round looking-glass that stood on his chest of drawers*... "What a thing it would be," said Mr. Golyadkin in an undertone, "... *if I were not up to the mark today, if something were amiss, if some intrusive pimple had made its appearance, or anything else unpleasant had happened*; so far, however, there's nothing wrong, so far everything's all right."

But everything is far from all right, for Golyadkin is a dual personality—by the end of the day a double appears before him, a man who looks exactly like him, who even bears his name, and who plainly figures forth his illness. Here, then, is the intrusive pimple, the unpleasant outgrowth from within, which first erupts in Gogol's minor farce, and again in Kafka's powerful novella. Golyadkin's clerklike response to the man, when he meets him again next day, helps to reinforce both parallels:

"What does it mean? *Is it a dream?*" he wondered. "Is it reality or the continuation of what happened yesterday? And besides, by what right is this all being done? Who sanctioned such a clerk, who authorized this? *Am I asleep, am I in a waking dream?*"

[5] Victor Erlich, "Gogol and Kafka," in *For Roman Jakobson*, ed. Morris Halle, et al. (The Hague, 1956), pp. 100-108; and I. F. Parry, "Kafka and Gogol," *German Life and Letters*, VI (1953), 141-145. Both scholars ignore the parody element in "The Nose" and credit Gogol with profound psychological intentions; but Erlich sees that the tale is not "an existential disaster."

Mr. Golyadkin tried pinching himself, even tried to screw up his courage to pinch some one else... *No, it was not a dream, and that was all about it.*[6]

In these two quotations, the most obvious changes from Gogol lie in fullness of detail and in repeated emphasis on the dream motif. The new details are not gratuitous; they show an increased awareness that urban pressures can affect sanity, that cramped quarters and drabness can depress the mind. Dostoevsky knew this from his early days in Petersburg. But he was also aware of inner pressures which recur in dreams, and which continue even in the waking state. His most radical departure was to take them seriously as psychological truth. For Gogol, the double had been a ridiculous device, at best an aid to social satire. For Hoffmann, of course, it was a psychic (yet superearthly) event, designed to thrust his characters "into the dazzling radiance of the ideal world."[7] But for Dostoevsky the double gave voice to inner rather than ideal properties; it confirmed the *earthbound* reality of dreams, and of powers within them which oppose the conscious personality. He brought the double to earth, then, on two planes of existence, the conscious and the unconscious. But in connecting these planes he made a tactical mistake; he rejected Hoffmann's brand of fantasy, which smacked of the uncanny, and tried instead for an *illusion* of the double's presence. His plan was fairly simple—to build an acute state of hallucination in his hapless clerk, and then use it to suggest the reality of unconscious life. In the early chapters, for instance, Golyadkin visits a doctor's office and behaves there like a man on the verge of madness; then his illness is provoked by social blunders, and the double appears before him. At this point, through the clerk's confused impressions, we are made to feel that other persons see the double.[8] But there are *two* effects at work

[6] *The Short Novels of Dostoevsky,* trans. Constance Garnett (New York, 1951), pp. 477-478, 520.

[7] William A. McClain, "E. T. A. Hoffmann as Psychological Realist," *Monatshefte,* XLVII (1955), 67. See also p. 80 for a comparison between Hoffmann and Kafka.

[8] Whether the double exists or not is often disputed. E. H. Carr holds, for instance, that the double is "an objective creature of the magical world," but also pure hallucination, and that Dostoevsky could not resolve the incongruity. Erik Krag argues, more convincingly, that all conversations in the book occur in Golyadkin's imagination, and that this accounts for the double's appearance before other persons. In other words, there is no incongruity; the method throughout is pure hallucination. On these grounds, Krag finds no justification for the existence, through coincidence, of a second clerk named Golyadkin, whom other critics recognize. But the text supports these critics; the second clerk is there, though his actions, name, and appearance are probably projected on him by Golyadkin; under these conditions, his function is to add substance to the double's psychic reality, as sheer dramatic effect. See Krag, "The Riddle of the Other Golyadkin," in *For Roman Jakobson,* pp. 625-272.

now, the fact of hallucination and the illusion of the double's actuality; to keep them both alive, Dostoevsky had to shift from one to the other in the later chapters, and the writing became prolix and repetitious. He seems to have sensed this flaw himself. In later years he held that the idea of the tale was quite clear, and he had never expressed a more serious one in literature; but the form had "failed utterly"—if he were to write it again, he would "adopt an altogether different form."[9]

The form which *The Double* called for was not hallucination, but a bold stroke of fantasy conveyed in realistic detail. This form was not discovered until the fall of 1912, when Kafka composed *The Metamorphosis*. To begin his story, he introduced a miracle into everday routine, in the familiar Hoffmann manner. This at once cut through the wastefulness of Dostoevsky's method—the delay, for several chapters, in establishing mental illness, and the clumsy attempt to balance two effects. But the miracle itself, the change from man to vermin, derives from Dostoevsky: in function, it conveys the reality of unconscious life and connects it with the conscious plane, the realm of urban pressures; in conception, it follows *Notes from the Underground*, where another disgruntled clerk has "tried many times to become an insect," or *The Brothers Karamazov*, where Dmitri characterizes the whole family as insects, or as victims of insects which live within them and govern their shameful conduct.[10] As Kafka must have seen, the insect is

[9] Dostoevsky, *The Diary of a Writer*, trans. Boris Brasol (New York, 1954), p. 883.

[10] The lines from the underground tale (*The Short Novels of Dostoevsky*, pp. 131-132) have been cited by several Kafka critics; the extensive insect references in *The Brothers Karamazov* have been cited by Ralph E. Matlaw, as they apply to the novel, but no one has noted their obvious appeal for Kafka. Dmitri identifies the insect state with sensual lust, and then tells Alyosha: "All we Karamazovs are such insects, and, angel as you are, that insect lives in you, too, and will stir up a tempest in your blood." He speaks also of the insect which grows strong in his soul, and of the centipede at his heart, which makes him "act like a bug." Ivan too considers himself a bug, while both Smerdyakov and the father depict their enemies as beetles. "I'll crush Mitya like a beetle," says the father, who detests his rival for Grushenka's love. "I squash black beetles at night with my slipper; they squelch when you tread on them. And your Mitya will squelch too." (See especially pp. 110, 127-129, 134, 156, 183, 207, 289, 492 of the Modern Library edition, trans. Constance Garnett.) Granted, there are similar images in Dickens and other writers, to say nothing of the long tradition of myths and fables in which men appear in subhuman form; and there is also the familiar epithet, "vermin," which Kafka's father had used freely in referring to Kafka's friends. But Dostoevsky alone had linked the insect state with sensual lust and inward degradation, with oppressive office life, and with the conflict between father and son over the same woman. For other suggestive images, see *The Possessed*, where Captain Lebyadkin is a self-styled "uncomplaining" cockroach; *The Idiot*, where Ippolit has an amazingly Freudian reptile dream; and *Crime and Punishment*, where Svidrigailov conceives of eternity as a dusty room filled with spiders.

the double in a different guise. In imitating the early novel, he simply switched to the more striking metaphor and fused it with the opening scene.

With these points in mind, we can now turn to the opening of *The Metamorphosis* and watch the synthetic performance. The capitalized portions are direct imitations of *The Double*, though the language is decidedly more compact; the italicized portions are adaptations, often ingenious ones, of later developments in the story; while the lines in regular type are "pure Kafka." I must add here that Golyadkin admires a young woman, Klara Olsufyevna, whom he is incapable of loving; that he suffers, on his second awakening, from exhausted limbs and an aching back; and that at one point he is unable to raise himself from his sofa ("as soon as he tried to stand up he fell back again at once, weak and helpless"). The Kafka passage follows.

AS GREGOR SAMSA AWOKE ONE MORNING FROM UNEASY DREAMS *he found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic insect.* He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like brown belly divided into stiff arched segments on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous *legs,* which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, *waved helplessly* before his eyes.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME? HE THOUGHT. IT WAS NO DREAM. HIS ROOM, A REGULAR HUMAN BEDROOM, ONLY RATHER TOO SMALL, LAY QUIET BETWEEN THE FOUR FAMILIAR WALLS. Above the table ON WHICH A COLLECTION OF CLOTH SAMPLES WAS UNPACKED AND SPREAD OUT—SAMSA WAS A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER—hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame. *It showed a lady,* with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and *holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished!*

GREGOR'S EYES TURNED NEXT TO THE WINDOW, AND THE OVERCAST SKY—ONE COULD HEAR RAIN DROPS BEATING ON THE WINDOW GUTTER—MADE HIM QUITE MELANCHOLY. WHAT ABOUT SLEEPING A LITTLE LONGER AND FORGETTING ALL THIS NONSENSE, HE THOUGHT, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his present condition *he could not turn himself over. However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again.* He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted *when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache* he had never experienced before.[11]

The parallels seem obvious enough: the awakening from troubled dreams; the incarnation of illness, and the discovery that the change is real; the small, familiar bedroom, in partial disorder; the tedious occupation; the attractive lady, with her proffered symbol of successful

[11] *The Penal Colony,* trans. Ernst Kaiser and Eithne Wilkins (New York, 1948), pp. 67-68.

love; the bad weather, which renews the desire for sleep; and the combined effect of paralysis, weakness, and pain. All these items, however derivative, are controlled now by the insect metaphor, and contribute to an established state of mind. As Kafka's tale develops, moreover, the scene is limited to a single apartment, and all the action funnels through it. In Dostoevsky the hero moves slowly toward psychological collapse, and ranges through the streets of Petersburg. One situation is intense, static, concentrated in power; the other is frenetic, shifting, episodic; but both reflect the anxieties and fears of urban drudges.

On his second awakening Golyadkin complains of a backache, cough, and cold, and decides (rather defiantly) to stay home from work: "If they send to make inquiries, let the executive clerk come . . . it's out of the question for me to go out." Having convinced himself on this point, he soon leaps up, gets dressed, and flies off toward the office.[12] Kafka's hero is more apologetic. If he decides to stay home because of illness, the chief clerk will be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor, who views all men as perfectly healthy malingerers—"And would he be so far wrong on this occasion?" The chief clerk does arrive at Gregor's flat, but, at the sight of the monstrous vermin, beats a dreamlike retreat, backing away an inch at a time and then bounding out of the living room as if his feet are burning. "Gregor made a spring, to be sure as possible of overtaking him: the chief clerk must have divined his intention, for he leaped down several steps and vanished; he was still yelling 'Ugh!' and it echoed through the whole staircase."[13] In *The Double* the same situation unfolds, as Golyadkin meets the executive clerk on an apartment landing, and steps toward him, glaring wildly, to explain his errant conduct:

> Andrey Filippovitch jumped back. Mr. Golyadkin went up one step and then another. Andrey Filippovitch looked about him uneasily. Mr. Golyadkin mounted the stairs rapidly. Still more rapidly Andrey Filippovitch darted into the flat and slammed the door after him. Mr. Golyadkin was left alone . . . 'Ech, ech!' he muttered, smiling with constraint.[14]

Both heroes fear the loss of their jobs; both assert and debase themselves before their superiors; and both frighten their superiors off through startling modes of illness. One hero is regressive, the other projects aggressive feelings; but the office world can accommodate neither weakness.

Nor can society itself accept these failings. When Golyadkin tries to

[12] *The Short Novels of Dostoevsky*, p. 517.
[13] *The Penal Colony*, pp. 69-70, 83, 85.
[14] *The Short Novels of Dostoevsky*, p. 497.

attend a dance at Klara Olsufyevna's, he is turned away at the door by servants. He creeps to the back stairs of the flat, and stands there in a dark corner, in the midst of rubbish and litter, gathering courage to enter. Then he dashes inside to claim a dance with Klara. Feeling strangely exhausted, he scrapes, stamps, and stumbles when the dance begins. Klara utters a shriek, the crowd runs to her rescue, and Golyadkin is swept away by their violent surge. A moment later he is thrown out altogether—as is Gregor Samsa, when he too creeps out of the litter in his room, attracted by his sister's music, and causes a similar commotion in the family parlor.

Gregor is clumsy and exhausted in his movements, as he turns to leave the family circle. He moves toward death now, even as Golyadkin moves toward madness. Both heroes suffer from the effects of social exclusion, though their strange paralysis has still other causes. We see this, late in *The Double*, when Golyadkin receives an imagined note from Klara, asking him to run off with her; at once he begins to vilify her character and, as their supposed rendezvous approaches, he consigns her to more suitable husbands and decides to leave the scene. Like Gogol's noseless hero, Golyadkin is afraid of sexual love—a point which would have hardly escaped Franz Kafka, whose hero clings to a woman's picture out of his own need for sexual maturity.

There are other parts of Dostoevsky's story which would have attracted Kafka. Among them is Golyadkin's curious remark, that his colleagues might have turned him into a rag, without much trouble—but that rag would have possessed both dignity and feelings, "even though dignity was defenceless and feelings could not assert themselves, and lay hidden deep down in the filthy folds of the rag, still the feelings were there . . . " Golyadkin's concept of authority is just as curious; he sees his government, his bureau chief, and all high officials as benevolent and protective fathers, to whom he blindly trusts his fate. But his chief is never available to the lower clerks; he simply brushes them aside whenever they approach him. Indeed, the only father to "protect" Golyadkin is his doctor, Krestyan Ivanovitch Rutenspitz, whose name means Christian Whiptip, and who shifts, in the closing lines, from kindness to "malignant, hellish glee," as he sends the clerk to an asylum: " 'You get free quarters, wood, with light, and service, the which you deserve not,' Krestyan Ivanovitch's answer rang out, stern and terrible as a judge's sentence." The lines recall the ending of another Kafka story, "The Judgment," in which a father rises from his sickbed, with sudden malignant power, and condemns his son to death

by drowning—a son, incidentally, with a business friend in Petersburg who represents his other self.[15]

These are interesting parallels, but the most vital link is still the opening paragraph, where Kafka solves the formal problem of *The Double*, and builds an effective bridge between two worlds. Through this advance, he is able to move more deeply into the unconscious than Dostoevsky had penetrated, and with surer knowledge of its contours. For Kafka was a Freudian artist: he knew that Gregor's troubles were familial, that he was firmly fixed in the parental nest, and had never escaped from childhood pressures. He knew also that Gregor's boss was an office father, and that business life, for Gregor, was an extension of paternal dominance. Since his own father was a brutal merchant, he had learned from harsh experience to identify parental with commercial tyranny. But Dostoevsky's hero has only an office father to contend with; he has no family, and offers no evidence for the psychic source of his disturbance. In later novels, Dostoevsky connected the father-son relation with youthful maladjustment; he invested these novels with his own ambivalent feelings toward his father, who was murdered by his peasants for abusive treatment; but he did not connect them with the business theme, nor invest them with the *static* force of childhood feeling.

On these several counts, Kafka differs considerably from his Russian predecessor; but he profoundly resembles the English novelist, Dickens, on every count. In Dickens the parental theme predominates; the father is often engaged in commerce; and his world is viewed from an infantile perspective, with all the concentrated power of a child's responses. In *Dombey and Son*, for example, young Paul would rather die than inherit his father's business; in *David Copperfield*, young David shrinks

[15] "The Judgment" seems to have been a first attempt to imitate *The Double*. As the story opens, a young businessman, Georg Bendemann, muses over his correspondence with his imaginary friend in far-off Petersburg—the self his father would have admired, but whom Georg has successfully "exiled" to his unconscious; and, in Petersburg itself, Golyadkin corresponds with his imaginary and more assertive double, who has broken loose from within to plague and oppress him. Through the letter device, plus the horrendous verdict at the end, Kafka seems to have clarified the theme of an early fragment, "The Urban World," on the father-son relation. The title of this fragment, plus Kafka's interest in *The Double*, adds weight, I think, to purely secular and social readings of "The Judgment" and its companion story, *The Metamorphosis*. These stories do contain religious allusions which are satirical in intent, like the use of "Christian Whiptip," in *The Double*, to indicate a world devoid of Christian mercy. But there is no basis in them for full-blown religious allegories, like those which occur in the later Kafka. For the most recent attempt at a religious reading, replete with parallels from the Bible, see Norman N. Holland, "Kafka's *Metamorphosis*: Realism and Unrealism," *Modern Fiction Studies*, IV (1958), 143-150.

for the household tyrant, Murdstone, in his London warehouse. Kafka was interested in this Dickens theme. In a note on *Copperfield* in his diaries, "menial labor" is one of five specified parallels with *Amerika*, his self-styled "Dickens novel." In another note he connects Dickens with his office life in Prague. His semi-government job had seemed unbearable; it had prevented him from doing his own writing, and he had resented it bitterly. By taking a walk, however, and then reading Dickens, he "felt a little better and had lost the strength for sorrow"; he could look at his plight from a distance now, "and therefore hoped for better sleep."[16] It is not surprising, then, that Kafka turned to Dickens for his central situation in *The Metamorphosis*. He was imitating *Copperfield* in 1912, while writing *Amerika*, and he must have been struck by the scene in Chapter IV, where David is locked in his room five days for biting Murdstone's hand. The style is realistic, and the scene is set in early childhood, so there is no question here of fantasy or regression or menial labor. The boy has simply botched his spelling lesson, and for this he is whipped into a swollen, brutish shape by his stepfather, who has already compared him, not with an insect, but with an "obstinate horse or dog." Since the scene speaks for itself, I quote it at some length.

He had my head as in a vice; but I twined round him somehow, and stopped him for a moment, entreating him not to beat me. It was only for a moment that I stopped him, for he cut me heavily an instant afterwards; and in the same instant I caught the hand with which he held me in my mouth, between my teeth, and bit it through. It sets my teeth on edge to think of it.

He beat me then as if he would have beaten me to death. Above all the noise we made, I heard them running up the stairs, and crying out. I heard my mother crying out, and Peggotty. Then he was gone, and the door was locked outside; and I was lying, fevered and hot, and torn and sore, and raging in my puny way, upon the floor.

How well I recollect, when I became quiet, what an unnatural stillness seemed to reign through the whole house! How well I remember, when my smart and passion began to cool, how wicked I began to feel!

I sat listening for a long while, but there was not a sound. I crawled up from the floor, and saw my face in the glass, so swollen, red, and ugly that it almost frightened me. My stripes were sore and stiff, and made me cry afresh, when I moved; but they were nothing to the guilt I felt. It lay heavier on my breast than if I had been a most atrocious criminal, I dare say.

It had begun to grow dark, and I had shut the window (I had been lying, for the most part, with my head upon the sill, by turns crying, dozing, and looking listlessly out), when the key was turned, and Miss Murdstone came in with some bread, and meat, and milk. These she put down upon the table without a word, glaring at me the while with exemplary firmness, and then retired, locking the door after her.

[16] *Diaries II*, p. 188; *Diaries I*, p. 77.

Long after it was dark I sat there, wondering whether anybody else would come. When this appeared improbable for that night, I undressed, and went to bed; and there, I began to wonder fearfully what would be done to me—whether it was a criminal act that I had committed? Whether I should be taken into custody, and sent to prison? whether I was at all in danger of being hanged?

I never shall forget the waking next morning; the being cheerful and fresh for the first moment, and then the being weighed down by the stale and dismal oppression of remembrance. Miss Murdstone reappeared before I was out of bed; told me, in so many words, that I was free to walk in the garden for half an hour and no longer; and retired, leaving the door open, that I might avail myself of that permission.

I did so; and did so every morning of my imprisonment, which lasted five days. If I could have seen my mother alone, I should have gone down on my knees to her and besought her forgiveness; but I saw no one, Miss Murdstone excepted, during the whole time—except at evening prayers in the parlour, to which I was escorted by Miss Murdstone after everybody else was placed; where I was stationed, a young outlaw, all alone by myself near the door; and whence I was solemnly conducted by my jailer, before any one arose from the devotional posture. I only observed that my mother was as far off from me as she could be, and kept her face another way, so that I never saw it; and that Mr. Murdstone's hand was bound up in a large linen wrapper.

The length of those five days I can convey no idea of to anyone; they occupy the place of years in my remembrance. The way in which I listened to all the incidents of the house that made themselves audible to me . . . the uncertain pace of the hours, especially at night . . . the depressed dreams and nightmares I had; the return of day, noon, afternoon, evening, when the boys played in the churchyard, and I watched them from a distance within the room, being ashamed to show myself at the window lest they should know I was a prisoner; the strange sensation of never hearing myself speak; the fleeting intervals of something like cheerfulness which came with eating and drinking, and went away with it; the setting in of rain one evening, with a fresh smell, and its coming down faster and faster between me and the church, until it and the gathering night seemed to quench me in gloom, and fear, and remorse—all this appears to have gone round and round for years instead of days, it is so vividly and strongly stamped on my remembrance.

On the last night of my restraint I was awakened by hearing my own name spoken . . . in a tone so very mysterious and awful that I think I should have gone into a fit, if it had not occurred to me that it must have come through the keyhole.

I groped my way to the door, and putting my own lips to the keyhole, whispered,—

"Is that you, Peggotty dear?"

"Yes, my own precious Davy," she replied . . .

"What is going to be done with me, Peggotty dear? . . ."

"School—near London," was Peggotty's answer. I was obliged to get her to repeat it; for she spoke it the first time quite down my throat, in consequence of my having forgotten to take my mouth away from the keyhole and put my ear there; and though her words tickled me a good deal, I didn't hear them . . .

"Is that the reason why Miss Murdstone took the clothes out of my drawers?" . . .

"Yes," said Peggotty. "Box." . . .

Then Peggotty fitted her mouth close to the keyhole and delivered these words through it with as much feeling and earnestness as a keyhole has ever been the medium of communicating, I will venture to assert—shooting in each broken little sentence in a convulsive burst of its own,—

"Davy, dear. If I ain't been azackly as intimate with you. Lately, as I used to be. It ain't because I don't love you . . ." [At this point Peggotty promises to take care of David's mother for him, and David asks her to send his love to the Peggotty family.]

The kind soul promised; and we both of us kissed the keyhole with the greatest affection (I patted it with my hand, I recollect, as if it had been her honest face), and parted. From that night there grew up in my breast a feeling for Peggotty which I cannot very well define. She did not replace my mother—no one could do that; but she came into a vacancy in my heart, which closed upon her, and I felt towards her something I have never felt for any other human being . . .[17]

This passage, with its image of a young boy excluded from his mother, harshly punished by a new father, and strongly attracted to an obvious mother-substitute, would impress even the most casual Freudian reader. Kafka's response must have been doubly intense, however, since he had experienced nearly the same kind of exclusion in his childhood. One night he had complained petulantly for water, when his father had suddenly swooped down on him, carried him out to the balcony, and left him there awhile in his nightshirt, outside the shut door. For years afterward he was affected by the terror and bewilderment of this experience, and by the sense of his own nothingness which it gave him. He used it in his fiction, in both *Amerika* and *The Metamorphosis*; and, in the famous "Letter to His Father," he cited it as his earliest memory of abuse.[18]

But a mere listing of parallels is enough to confirm the influence of *David Copperfield*. For like Gregor Samsa, young David has been shut off from his family after a wild household commotion; he has been beaten by his stepfather (even as Gregor is kicked or pelted by his father), and now he rages futilely on the floor. When he crawls to the mirror, he sees his swollen face and the stripes upon his body—reminding us here of Kafka's giant insect. Even the first meal is similar: for David, bread, meat, and milk; for Gregor, a bowl of fresh milk "in which floated little pieces of bread." Both rest their heads on the window sill, and look out listlessly on familiar scenes; they are surprised in this position by women who leave abruptly, out of hate or repulsion; and they are ashamed of being seen there from the outside. Their view is cut off by rain or grayness, they are troubled about speech and hearing, and

[17] *David Copperfield* (New York, 1950), pp. 60-64.

[18] *Dearest Father*, trans. Ernst Kaiser and Eithne Wilkins (New York, 1954), 142-143.

their time sense is radically deranged. Their dreams are uneasy and they feel "weighed down" upon awakening. For different reasons their possessions are taken from them and they lose connection with the human round. Yet there are certain elements of relief. David has fleeting moments of cheer while eating, and Gregor at first takes ravenous satisfaction in his stale, coarse food. David is allowed to walk each day in the garden, and to stand near the parlor door during evening prayers; the insect Gregor (who can range up and down the walls all day) is finally allowed to look out into the dining room in the evenings through his open door. Their confinement is also broken by hearty servants, members of a lower class, who offer friendship which their bourgeois families deny. Yet as the keyhole scene reveals, young David's attachment here is strongly Oedipal—an innocent revelation on Dickens' part which Kafka consciously exploits; both prisoners use the keyhole to gain access to parental figures; at different points, that is, both use it in a sensual manner, and Gregor even bites down upon a key (the sign of masculine authority) as vehemently as David bites the hand of Mr. Murdstone. Indeed, Gregor seems to show "as much feeling and earnestness as a keyhole has ever been the medium of communicating"—as if Kafka had deliberately challenged what Dickens mildly "venture[s] to assert."

These details Kafka fitted into the framework of his fantasy, adapting and reshaping them to suit his needs. The first part of the story—the awakening scene and the chief clerk's visit—is based mainly on *The Double*; but, from the end of Part I, where Gregor is thrust back into his room, until his death in Part III, the chief inspiration comes from *Copperfield*.

The one element missing, in this progression, is the idea of familial support. This seems surprising, since the theme is pivotal in *The Metamorphosis*, where Gregor not only supports his parents, but is bound to his job by their debt to his office father. Their dominance thus extends to the system which deprives him of creative life and married love, and exposes him to his own suppressed desires. It is *their* world, *their* stake in the commercial scheme to which he is committed. Here, as in "The Judgment," Kafka caught deeply and accurately the connection between home and office, the thwarting of independence in both realms, the depletion of the spirit, and, in consequence, the reduction of urban man to bestial immaturity. But where did the idea come from? Kafka never supported his father's family; and there is no precedent for the theme in *The Double* or in *Copperfield*. There are other novels by Dickens, however, in which a child is forced to assist an improvident

parent, or to assume adult responsibilities; and there is the crucial warehouse episode in Dickens' early life, from which these novels sprang.

Dickens concealed this episode from almost everyone, including his own family, but to his biographer, John Forster, he confided the facts in written form. His parents had sent him to work in a blacking warehouse when he was twelve, and their action had shocked him profoundly. They had cast him out into the world, he felt, and forced him to do drudgery in squalid surroundings, among common companions who called him "the young gentleman." Shortly before this, his father had been arrested and placed in a debtor's prison. The whole family went to live with him, with the exception of Charles and his sister Fanny, who was then a pupil at the Royal Academy of Music. This left the young boy completely on his own, cut off from the family except for Sunday visits to the prison. He was ashamed of himself and of his work; he was miserably insecure, and his early hopes of a distinguished career were smashed.

During this same period he began to suffer attacks of an old disorder which were brought on by emotional distress. Once he was sick in his lodgings, where the landlord and his family spent the night taking care of him. Another time he was sick in the warehouse: "I suffered such excruciating pain . . . that they made a temporary bed of straw in my old recess in the counting-house, and I rolled about on the floor, and Bob filled empty blacking-bottles with hot water, and applied relays of them to my side, half the day."[19] In the meantime, his sister was thriving at the music academy, to which Dickens journeyed one day to watch her receive an award:

> I could not bear to think of myself—beyond the reach of all such honourable emulation and success. The tears ran down my face. I felt as if my heart were rent. I prayed, when I went to bed that night, to be lifted out of the humiliation and neglect in which I was. I had never suffered so much before. There was no envy in this.[20]

Finally the ordeal was over. His father was released from prison, and the boy was soon released from his distasteful labors. Though the job had lasted only about five months, it had left him with a permanent sense of resentment toward his parents, and with an obsessive sense of shame. Until the warehouse neighborhood was torn down, he was

[19] John Forster, *The Life of Charles Dickens*, ed. J. W. T. Ley (London, 1928), p. 30.

[20] *Ibid.*, p. 34. This music scene recurs, incidentally, in *Dombey and Son*, a book which might have appealed to Kafka; but there is nothing like it in *Copperfield* itself, since David has no sister, and no parents by the time he reaches London.

unable to go near it. "Even now," he wrote, "famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children; even that I am a man; and wander desolately back to that time of my life."[21]

Kafka would have liked this story: a whole family enveloped by the disgrace of debt and imprisonment; a young boy forced to help them through degrading labor, and made sick by his ordeal; a favored sister at the music academy; and the boy grown older, who returns in dreams to his childhood state—these were the materials which he worked with in *The Metamorphosis*, and it may be that he derived them from Forster's biography, in its German edition. In his diaries, he speaks of "reading about Dickens" in 1911, and then notes, abruptly, that an artist experiences a story within himself "from its beginning . . . up to the approaching locomotives of steel, coal and steam," that he wants "to be pursued by it and have time for it," and therefore runs before it of his own volition "wherever it may thrust and wherever [he] may lure it." In Forster's biography the same pattern appears, as Dickens speaks of his struggle to find time for writing *Nicholas Nickleby*, of his glory in the great amount of work accomplished, of his efforts "to get the steam up" for still more work, and of bursting his boiler if the pressure should continue.[22]

It seems plausible, then, that Kafka knew this biography, and that he turned to Forster's account of the warehouse episode and fused it with the exclusion scene in *Copperfield*. He understood, I think, that the five days in David's room are the five months in the warehouse in capsule form, and perhaps he wanted to adapt the actual facts. Thus, like Dickens, Kafka's hero is forced to aid his family, once his father goes into debt and retires from active labor; and, like Copperfield, he is beaten back into his room and imprisoned there, once he funks an oppressive task; but, in the midst of his disgrace, he still dreams of sending his sister to the Conservatorium to study music; and, like Dickens, he even creeps out of his room one evening into the forbidden parlor, as she plays her violin before the three boarders: "Was he an animal, that

[21] *Ibid.*, p. 26.

[22] *Diaries I*, p. 61; *The Life of Charles Dickens*, pp. 124-125. In this note on Dickens, Kafka refers also to an outsider's failure to understand the nature of an artist's creative throes. He probably means Forster, who writes that the steam "doubtless rose dangerously high" when Dickens was thus inspired, and who speaks admiringly of his ability to work with the printer at his heels. But Kafka's comment seems more to the point, since an artist genuinely seeks pursuit by the locomotive of inspiration; he pays no heed to pressure, nor does the printer really spur him on, as the "outsider" Forster suggests. A German edition of Forster's book appeared within a few years of the English edition, in the early 1870s.

music had such an effect on him? He felt as if the way were opening before him to the unknown nourishment he craved." The thought seems inescapable here: Gregor Samsa is not simply the young Kafka, as critics often hold; he is also the young Dickens, the young Copperfield, even the balding Golyadkin, who wants to dance with Klara Olsufyevna, all synthesized into one regressive hero.

If such an elaborate synthesis seems farfetched, consider the ironic contrast used by all three authors. The hero is viewed by those around him as a rag, an outlaw, or a noxious insect; but, since our view is the hero's, we can always sense his human worth. In Dickens and Kafka this contrast is portrayed dramatically, as the "child" locked in his room is treated with abhorrence by his bourgeois family, then shown in sympathetic comic relief with a hearty servant woman. Dickens' nurse is characterized by her convulsive but affectionate speech, following in the wake of Murdstone's epithets, Miss Murdstone's righteous glare, and the mother's strangely averted face. Her affection is strong enough, moreover, to move through the narrow medium of a keyhole, and to create a bridge of feeling with the "young outlaw." Admittedly, there is nothing quite like this in Kafka; yet his intention is much the same as Dickens'. He connects Gregor with one person who is not repelled by his appearance, who is even willing to speak to him (as none of his family will except in anger) and to give a name to his affliction. There is a shade of Dickensian warmth in the charwoman's words, "Come along, then, you old dung beetle!" or "Look at the old dung beetle, then!"—words "which apparently she took to be friendly." And they are friendly, since they include and absorb deformity in the larger acceptance of human worth. Kafka himself confirms this interpretation, when he defends the "mentally ill" in *The Brothers Karamazov*:

> They aren't ill. Their illness is merely a way to characterize them, and moreover a very delicate and fruitful one. One need only stubbornly keep repeating of a person that he is simple-minded and idiotic, and he will, if he has the Dostoevskian core inside him, be spurred on, as it were, to do his very best. His characterizations have in this respect about the same significance as insults among friends. If they say to one another, "You're a blockhead," they don't mean that the other is really a blockhead who has disgraced them by his friendship; rather there is generally mixed in it an infinite number of intentions, if the insult isn't merely a joke, or even if it is.[23]

The three writers have converged once more in a single scene, for the charwoman's insults, like Peggotty's convulsive bursts, are rooted in

[23] *Diaries II*, p. 104. This is one of seven notes on Dostoevsky in Kafka's diaries, all of them clustered in the years 1913-14. That Kafka had read him extensively before this seems certain.

sheer friendliness. Yet, significantly enough, Gregor lacks "the Dostoevskian core inside him"; like a snobbish "young gentleman," he would rather see the old widow "clean out his room daily" than disturb him so senselessly. One day, as he feebly starts to attack her, her attentions become callous; the touch of saving warmth is lost, and Gregor moves closer to his voluntary death. When his sister argues against his humanity, he accepts her view of his worth and quietly expires. In his final moments, he even thinks of his family with tenderness and love, like the condemned son in "The Judgment," who declares, "Dear parents, I have always loved you," as he drops from the bridge.

Such brief displays of sentiment seem familiar; though the style is "pure Kafka," one thinks nonetheless of loving innocents, like Little Nell and young Dombey, who prefer death to the hazards of maturity, or of older, guilt-stricken figures, like Pip and Arthur Clennam, who sink quietly into illness and retirement. Gregor acts here like these acquiescent types. Indeed, at every point in the story, in his distaste for his job, in his disturbance of the family, in his strongly Oedipal feelings, and in his passive acceptance of defeat and death, he resembles a Dickens hero. In confronting guilt incarnate, he resembles the passive clerk Golyadkin, who lacks the conscious criminality and pride of later Dostoevskian sinners; but this very absence of awareness is essentially Dickensian, and helps to underline Kafka's debt more exactly. In Dostoevsky he had found a conscious and direct preoccupation with mental illness, a fruitful way of exploring the "lower depths" of human personality. But such knowingness was less suitable to his purpose, in the last analysis, than Dickensian naïveté; though it established the depth or level of exploration, it failed to provide him with his point of view. For Kafka was a projective, not a subjective stylist; he saw the world as Dickens saw it, through the eyes of a hapless child, still blind to the outward proofs of inner sickness.

Finally, it was this persistent childlike focus, this blatant symptom of regression, which attracted him to Dickens' life and work. For the fact remains, the most popular English novelist of the nineteenth century, the inventor (almost) of Christmas cheer and the warm family hearth, was as obsessed and tormented as Kafka with his boyhood troubles; as with Kafka, they reduced him in his dreams to an infantile state; and, like Kafka, he repeated them again and again in his writings, to the point where the child's view of the universe became the characteristic view in all his novels, and no different in its affective quality from the author's own perspective. It was the child's view of the world which Kafka shared with Dickens. This too was Dostoevsky's link with

Dickens, at an early phase of his development; but it often operated within a larger frame of reference and was used for different ends. Still, there was something compulsive in Dostoevsky's frequent use of children to evoke depravity or love, and to this extent he shared with Dickens and Kafka in their special contribution to grotesque fiction—their approach to life through arrested or regressive sensibilities, which shape and define the world in terms of childhood feeling.

Their common assumption, that childhood is the last refuge of human worth, is not unreasonable in modern times, when the universe lacks point or purpose, when society and the family lack cohesiveness, and when personality itself seems shattered as a psychic unit. In a world so constituted, the child alone transcends those forces which deplete him, and there is no need to condemn him for eventual failure, as all three authors do—though they also testify to the *humanity* of children, or of their psychic counterparts among adults, in the face of heresy and guilt. Along with Gogol and Hoffmann, then, they have jointly produced a special kind of fiction, urban in genesis and grotesque in form, whose function is to express and transcend the pressures of a bureaucratic and commercial age. In that great synthetic performance, *The Metamorphosis*, we see the qualities of that genre in full and clear development—the dreamlike contours, the realistic surface, the psychological depth, the urban pressures, the infantile perspective, and, above all, the transcendent humor which reveals humanity in even the most noxious victim of the modern world.

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The Duels in Mann And Turgenev

ADMIRATION is too mild a word to describe Mann's attitude toward the Russian novel of the nineteenth century. Reverence comes closer to the mark. His essays on Tolstoy and Dostoevsky show with what care he studied the Slavic masters. In this note, I shall consider the practical use to which he puts one of Turgenev's inventions in his own fiction.

Faced with a problem in the resolution of the plot of *The Magic Mountain* similar to one found in *Fathers and Sons*, Mann solved it in a manner containing so many detailed resemblances to Turgenev's solution as to suggest clearly that he used the Russian author as his model.

The fact that there are duels with pistols at climactic moments in both books is not the point. There is a duel, for example, in Tolstoy's *War and Peace* between Pierre Bezuhov and his first wife's lover Dolohov which bears not the least resemblance to either Turgenev's or Mann's duel. The duel in Tolstoy originates in passion, but the clashes in *Fathers and Sons* and *The Magic Mountain* are caused primarily by differences in ideas and temperament. It is true that the abstract reasons for the duel are somewhat disguised by Turgenev in deference to nineteenth-century notions of realism, while in Mann they stand forth bare and unadorned. The thin disguise which the fundamental conflict between the nihilist Bazarov and the romantic Uncle Pavel takes in *Fathers and Sons* is the feeling of jealousy which the latter experiences when he accidentally spies Bazarov kissing Fenitchka in the orchard. But this is no more the cause of their duel than Sarajevo was the cause of the First World War or Danzig of the Second.

From the first time that Bazarov and Pavel met, they had found them-

selves at complete loggerheads with each other concerning values and manners. To Bazarov as to Stephen Dedalus, history is "a nightmare from which he is trying to awaken." The best thing that could happen to the relics of the past that weighed so heavily on the minds of the present generation, he felt, was that they should be completely obliterated from memory. Bazarov rejects humanistic tradition with an absolute finality which borders upon violence. He declares at one point that a single chemist contributes more to humanity than the best of poets. He has been called with good reason a precursor of the Bolsheviks. Uncle Pavel, on the other hand, is in love with the past for its own sake and delights in all the seemingly useless forms which it has bequeathed to us. Not quite like Miniver Cheevy in his desire for "iron clothing," he yet looks nostalgically backward in time rather than forward. It follows naturally that, while the empirical Bazarov is completely practical-minded, Uncle Pavel is no less completely ineffectual. In this connection, it is significant that, though he is considerably more experienced in the use of firearms than Bazarov, Pavel faints from the merest scratch in the struggle which he has himself provoked. The ruthless efficiency with which the Russian nihilist polishes off the pretensions of his opponent, incidentally, is to me a shade more logical and satisfactory than the suicide of Leo Naphta (which, however, is defended by Professor Weigand on the ground that since "his only positive principle is that of negation . . . it is altogether in keeping with his part that he should end by blowing out his brains").[1]

Earlier in the story, Bazarov and Pavel had found themselves in so hopeless a conflict that social relations between them had finally broken down altogether. "They renounced the pleasure of conversing with each other." The incident with Fenitchka supplied the needed excuse. Pavel issued the challenge and Bazarov was constrained to accept it. The real grounds of their quarrel, says Pavel, is that "they cannot endure one another." The ideological conflict between the humanitarian Settembrini and the obscurantist Naphta is, like that of Bazarov and Pavel, inadjudicable except by force.[2] Naphta recognizes this when he says to Settembrini: "I am in your way, you are in mine—good. We will transfer the settlement of our differences to a suitable place."

[1] *Thomas Mann's Novel Der Zauberberg* by Hermann J. Weigand (1933). From the portion reprinted in *The Stature of Thomas Mann*, ed. Charles Neider (New York, 1947), p. 163.

[2] The thesis here expounded is anticipated by Harry Levin in his essay on *Joseph The Provider* in Neider's anthology, p. 211: "The Naphta-Settembrini debate could only be settled by force; taking a leaf from Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*, Mann staged a duel between them . . ."

In both Turgenev and Mann the fight is forced upon a reluctant antagonist, an intellectual who does not believe in dueling as a method of settling disputes. Bazarov says: "From the theoretical standpoint, dueling is absurd; from the practical standpoint, now—it's quite a different matter." In almost the same words, Settembrini says: "Theoretically, I disapprove of the duel . . . In practice, however, it is another matter." In both novels, the aggressors, Naphta and Pavel, bring the issue to a head in the same manner—by the implied threat of the application of raw physical violence, should the more ceremonious and ritualistic bloodletting of the duel be resisted by the intellectual's pacific principles. Pavel comes to call on Bazarov armed with a walking stick which he plainly means to use should Bazarov refuse him satisfaction. Bazarov, reflecting upon the challenge, says to himself afterwards: "Why I do believe he'd have struck me, and then . . . it might have come to my strangling him like a cat." Bazarov blanches at the very thought, for underneath his demeanor of scientific calm and objectivity he too is very much the man of touchy feelings and pride. Naphta provokes Settembrini with a similar threat of immediate violent measures: " 'I hope your civilian principles will not prevent you from knowing what you owe me —else I shall be forced to put these principles to a test that—' Settembrini drew himself up; the movement was so expressive that Naphta went on: 'Ah, I see, that will not be necessary . . . ' "

Later on, Settembrini talks with Hans Castorp about the significance of Naphta's challenge, and in the conversation makes explicit what is allowed to remain implicit in the scene of Turgenev: "The duel, my friend, is not an 'arrangement' like another. It is the ultimate, the return to a state of nature, slightly mitigated by regulations that are chivalrous in character, but extremely superficial. The essential nature of the thing remains the primitive, the physical struggle; and however civilized a man is, it is his duty to be ready for such a contingency, which may any day arise." Castorp, after some thought, accepts the validity of Settembrini's analysis: "With horror he understood that at the end of everything only the physical remained, only the teeth and nails. Yes, they must fight; only thus could be assured even that small mitigation of the primitive by the rules of chivalry." That is to say, "speaking without metaphor" (as Bazarov says to Pavel), the sword or the pistol are more aesthetic ways of settling differences than the caveman's club or its equivalent, Uncle Pavel's walking stick. In Mann's novel, the outbreak of violence between Naphta and Settembrini foreshadows the beginning of the general European war; for what is true of the relations of individuals, as Proust remarks, is also true of the relations between national

states. The court of last resort, physical combat, breaks man down from being a rational animal to being merely an animal that has for his protection "only the teeth and nails." Castorp's bitter acceptance of the human condition in this instance prefigures his participation in the great duel which convulsed the civilization of Europe. Between Bazarov and Pavel, too, that is to say between the future of Russia which Turgenev prophesied "with horror" and its past which he had known from living experience, no solution that was thinkable remained save violence.

There is another resemblance between the treatments of these scenes —the ironic contrast underscored by both Mann and Turgenev between the behavior of those who engage in the odd sport of dueling and those who carry on the world's necessary work. In Turgenev, as Bazarov repairs to the field of battle with Pavel he suddenly looks up to see "a peasant [who] came into sight from behind the trees. He was driving before him two horses hobbled together . . . 'There's some one else up early too,' thought Bazarov; 'but he at least has got up for work, while we . . . ' " Similarly in *The Magic Mountain*: "Hans Castorp, after a restless night, left the Berghof to go to the rendezvous. The maidservants cleaning the hall looked after him in wonder." The contrast here implies perhaps the same social commentary as is to be found in Breughel's picture of the fall of Icarus, where the foreground is occupied by a team ploughing and the middle distance by a ship sailing peacefully on its voyage, while the splash made by the principal subject of the picture is an almost invisible dot somewhere off to one side. The heroism of the world is a remote and quixotic form of foolishness to its peasants, valets, and chambermaids.

T. S. Eliot has said somewhere that the difference between inferior artists and good ones is that the former borrow while the latter steal. Less pointed than this witty formulation is the observation that the good writer transforms or introduces variations upon a theme supplied by his predecessor. There are not only similarities between Turgenev's duel and Mann's but differences as well. Turgenev covers up the fundamental cause of the conflict he describes by his concession to realism in making jealousy the immediate reason. Mann, on the other hand, dispenses with any naturalistic device and delights in showing us that he is aware of his own daring. Castorp objects to Settembrini that the ground of his duel with Naphta is unreal: " 'If even there were a real injury,' he cried . . . 'If one of them had dragged the other's good name in the dirt, *if it was a question of a woman*, or anything else really momentous, that you could take hold of, so that you felt there was no possibility of reconciliation! For such cases the duel is the last resort . . . ' "

(italics mine). This objection is disposed of summarily by Settembrini, who takes the opportunity to teach his "pupil" Castorp an important lesson:

> You err, my friend, first of all in the assumption that the intellectual cannot assume a personal charatcer ... The point at which you go wrong is in your estimation of the things of the mind, in general. You obviously think they are too feeble to engender conflicts and passions comparable for sternness with those real life brings forth, the only issue of which can be the appeal to force. *All' incontro!* The abstract, the refined-upon, the ideal, is at the same time the Absolute—it is sternness itself; it contains within it more possibilities of deep and radical hatred, of unconditioned and irreconcilable hostility, than any relation of social life can. It astonishes you to hear that it leads, far more directly and inexorably than these, to radical intimacy, to grips, to the duel and actual physical struggle?

I am certain that Turgenev also believed this, and that it constitutes the central meaning of the duel in *Fathers and Sons*. But his concession to realism has somewhat weakened his idea. Mann has rescued the idea from its accidents and by his process of abstraction has succeeded in producing an effect quite as original in its own way as that of Turgenev.

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The "Canticus Troili": Chaucer and Petrarch

CHAUCER'S use of one of Petrarch's sonnets in *Troilus and Criseyde* will doubtless remain, as Professor Mario Praz has described it, "in its way, a mystery."[1] The event, which marks the beginning of English Petrarchan love poetry, is an isolated landmark in literary history. And, because well over a century passed before, with Wyatt and Surrey, the experiment of transplanting Petrarch was repeated, it also appears an anachronism.

The "mystery" is partly created by numerous unanswerable questions on points of fact. Did Chaucer encounter all Petrarch's *Rime*, or only Sonnet 132, circulating independently? Did he deliberately choose it from the mass of the sonnets to Laura, or did it simply cross his path by chance? In what text did Chaucer read it? Can his apparent mistranslations be explained by variants in a lost manuscript? Or were they either bunglings or intentional adjustments?[2] Did he think that Boccaccio was the author, not only of *Il Filostrato*, the main narrative source for *Troilus and Criseyde*, but also of the sonnet? Or, on the other hand, did he suppose Petrarch to have written both?[3] Is either of these

[1] "Chaucer and the Great Italian Writers of the Trecento," originally published in *The Monthly Criterion*, VI (1927), 153, recently reprinted in *The Flaming Heart* (New York, 1958), p. 78.

[2] E. H. Wilkins surveys all these problems in *The Making of the "Canzoniere" and other Petrarchan Studies* (Rome, 1951), in a chapter on "The Canticus Troili" reprinted from *English Literary History*, XVI (1949), 167-173. Wilkins rejects Root's suggestions that Chaucer used other poems by Petrarch and that early manuscript versions could account for his "misunderstandings" of the text of Sonnet 132.

[3] This view springs from the fact that Chaucer nowhere names Boccaccio as a source, while "maister Petrak" is mentioned (at line 2325) in the *Monk's Tale*, which owes much to Boccaccio.

contemporary Italian poets the unidentified "Lollius" whom Chaucer actually cites as his source?[4]

Our uncertainty concerning these questions makes it difficult to go on to questions of literary history—concerning the recognition of Petrarch's love poetry in England and the purveyance into English poetry of its characteristic matter, form, and style. For instance, it is impossible to say whether Chaucer, with little firsthand knowledge of Petrarch's sonnets, simply lacked opportunity to do more than he did in transplanting them; or whether, knowing more, he resisted these models as uncongenial, alien to his own more cheerful genius. Whatever the exact extent of his reading, it is by no means certain that Chaucer understood Petrarch's significance for European poetry. Did he regard him as merely, in Coleridge's words, "the final blossom and perfection of the Troubadours," and nothing more? Or did he recognize Petrarch's modernity, the way in which he modified the conventions of the troubadours? Again, if Chaucer had studied the sonnets to Laura with anything like the attention he gave to the *Divine Comedy*, why, since he was never slow to experiment with foreign metrical forms, like Dante's terza rima, did he not attempt a quatorzain? All this depends on how far Chaucer was acquainted with Petrarch as vernacular poet as distinct from Petrarch as renowned scholar and Latinist.

Unfortunately, the *Clerk's Tale*, the only other Chaucerian text derived from Petrarch, throws no light on these problems. *De Obedientia ac Fide Uxoria Mythologia*, Petrarch's Latin version of Boccaccio's story of the Patient Griselda, has no bearing on either the sonnets to Laura or the "Canticus Troili," or, indeed, any other Petrarchan love poem. No sources could contrast more strongly than Chaucer's two from Petrarch. It is not merely that the one is a Latin prose tale, the other an Italian lyrical poem, but that there is a radical difference in treatment, in attitude, and in the aspect of truth chosen for imitation. The Griselda story proceeds from the abstract to the concrete. Founded on moral truth, it gives an ideal scheme for life, not a picture of actual life. The reader quickly perceives that neither Griselda's nor her husband's behavior is psychologically true. Chaucer took the story as it was intended, that is, as "mythologia"; and his envoy underlines the difference between this and actuality:

> No wedded man so hardy be t'assaille
> His wyves pacience in trust to fynde
> Grisildis, for in certein he shal faille.
> (Lines 1180-2)

[4] See the numerous articles on "myn auctor called Lollius" listed in D. D. Griffith's *Bibliography of Chaucer 1908-1953* (Seattle, 1955).

Petrarch's Sonnet 132, expressing a tumult of feelings which probably, though not certainly, mean that he is in love, differs radically from his "mythologia" of wifely obedience. Sonnet 132 is based on human psychology, its method is empirical, and its theme is not how things should be but how they are in one particular case. It promotes no rule, moral, or ideal that could be applied to men in general. If we should abstract a general idea from this sonnet, it would only be such a simplification as "love is an indefinable sentiment." And even this is not stated, only obliquely inferred. The foreground is entirely occupied with Petrarch's thoughts and feelings. The sonnet is thus perfectly suited to *Troilus and Criseyde*, a story diametrically opposed to the *Clerk's Tale*, and one which owes its modern popularity largely to the fact that it abandons the mode of abstract mediaeval allegory for that of the "psychological novel" or "drama of real life."

The Prologue of the *Clerk's Tale* is rather more relevant than the tale itself to the subject of Chaucer's Petrarchan love poetry, for it contains praise of

> Fraunceys Petrak, the lauriat poete,
> ... whos rethorike sweete
> Enlumyned al Ytaille of poetrie.
> (Lines 31-3)

Here Chaucer strikes a sixteenth-century note, the note of exalted admiration heard, for instance, in the anonymous sonnet in Tottel's *Miscellany* (1557), "O Petrarke hed and prince of poets al." Yet, taken in their context, the Clerk's words are no more than a somewhat freakish anticipation of the sixteenth century's enthusiasm for Petrarch's "rethorike sweete." And they do not show that Chaucer had a firsthand knowledge of that poetry, only that he was aware—as no traveler into Italy and man of letters could fail to be—that Petrarch, having acquired widespread poetic fame in the Italy of his day, was honored with the laurel crown. Chaucer was in Italy in 1372 and 1373, not long before Petrarch's death, at the age of seventy, in 1374.

English Petrarchan love poetry begins with the "Canticus Troili." Chaucer, the first English poet to translate Petrarch's poetry, made but this one attempt. Whether by design or accident he came upon a sonnet singularly appropriate to his purpose. Neither the wittier sonnets (say, those playing upon Laura's name) nor the more philosophical ones (say, those relating Petrarch's love for Laura after her death) would have been adaptable to the context of *Troilus and Criseyde*. It seems worthwhile to consider this unique poem as a text rather than as a "mystery"—to consider it, first, as a handling of Petrarch's sonnet

and pointer to future Petrarchan imitations;[5] second, in its relation to *Troilus and Criseyde* and Chaucer's whole achievement there.

The texts of Petrarch's sonnet and Chaucer's translation are as follows:

S'amor non è, che dunque è quel ch'io sento?
Ma, *s'egli è Amor*, per Dio che cosa e quale?
Se *bona*, ond'è l'effetto aspro mortale?
Se *ria*, ond'è sí dolce ogni tormento?
S'a mia voglia ardo, ond'è 'l pianto e lamento?
S'a mal mio grado, il lamentar che vale?
O viva morte, o dilettoso male,
Come puoi tanto in me, s'io no 'l consento?
E s'io 'l consento, a gran torto mi doglio.
Fra sí contrari venti in frale barca
Mi trovo in alto mar, senza governo,
Sí lieve di saver, d'error sí carca,
Ch'i' medesmo non so quel ch'io mi voglio;
E tremo a mezza state, ardendo il verno.[6]
(Sonnet 132)

If no love is, O God, what fele I so?
And *if love is, what thing and which is he?*
If *love be good*, from whennes cometh my woo?
If *it be wikke*, a wonder thynketh me,
When every torment and adversite
That cometh of hym, may to me savory thinke,
For ay thurst I, the more that ich it drynke.

And if that at myn owen lust I brenne,
From whennes cometh my waillynge and my pleynte?
If harm agree me, whereto pleyne I thenne?
I noot, ne whi unwery that I feynte.
O quike deth, O swete harm so queynte,
How may of the in me swich quantite,
But if that I consente that it be?

And if that I consente, I wrongfully
Compleyne, iwis. Thus possed to and fro,
Al sterelees withinne a boot am I
Amydde the see, betwixen wyndes two,
That in contrarie stonden evere mo.

[5] This pointing forward can only be sketchily and generally indicated; and my stress on the failure of English poets to assimilate fully the quality (as distinct from the external features) of Petrarch's style will do injustice to the great English "Petrarchans" (such as Wyatt, Sidney, and Shakespeare). My generalizations should be taken as roughly applicable to the stock in trade of the minor Petrarchan sonnet sequences that flooded the market in the 1590s.

[6] The text is taken from *Le Rime*, ed. G. Carducci and S. Ferrari (Florence, reprinted 1957), p. 210.

Allas! what is this wondre maladie?
For hete of cold, for cold of hete, I dye.[7]
(*Troilus and Criseyde*, I, 400-420)

The phrases italicized indicate Chaucer's "misunderstandings" of the Italian text as noted by Ernest Hatch Wilkins. Wilkins' careful explanations[8] form the basis for my comments on Chaucer's deviation from Petrarch in the first stanza of the "Canticus Troili":

(1) "S'amor non è" and "s'egli è amor" mean respectively "if this be not love" and "if it be love," not "if no love is" and "if love is." (Petrarch is asking whether this incomprehensible feeling of his is love or not. Chaucer has put into the back of Troilus' mind a more general question, the answer to which Petrarch takes for granted: Does love exist or not? This change could perhaps be argued as consistent with Chaucer's narrative and its hero; Laura's lover, a devotee of love, can assume its reality, whereas Troilus, an all-too-recent scoffer, has first to readjust his ideas.)

(2) "Che cosa e quale," which is merely a variant for "che . . . è quel ch'io sento," means "what is this experience of mine," not "what thing and which is he." (While Petrarch is still concentrating on himself, Troilus' first question has been superseded by another, equally general, one: What, then, is love?)

(3) Similarly "bona" and "ria" refer to the particular experience of Petrarch and not, as in the "Canticus Troili," to the general nature of love.

Evidently, the first stanza of the "Canticus Troili" is more theoretical and remote from the intensities of uniquely individual experience than its original. The difference is a "Petrarchan" danger signal indicating the direction in which his imitators tended to deviate from Petrarch. It also contains a warning against a common misunderstanding among critics. For much argument against Petrarch's fruitfulness as an "influence" turns on objections natural in themselves but totally unconnected with sonnets like the one used by Chaucer—objections to Petrarch's supposedly abstract and impersonal style. Italian theorizing is felt to be uncongenial to the more down-to-earth English genius. Yet in the very first encounter of an English poet with Petrarch, it is the English poet who is likely to raise the stock objections. The truth of the matter is that English poets had everything to learn from Petrarch in the expression of subjective experience and the analysis of complex

[7] The text is taken from *The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer*, ed. F. N. Robinson (2nd ed., Cambridge, Mass., 1957).
[8] *The Making of the "Canzoniere" and Other Petrarchan Studies*, p. 307.

states of mind. Did Chaucer, the "misunderstandings" of the first stanza apart, learn anything?

After the first stanza, though two more mistakes in translation occur, Chaucer closely follows Petrarch in dwelling on the experience of one lover to the exclusion of general ideas about love. And even earlier, in fact in the very first line, Troilus' "O God, what fele I so?" is a *cri du cœur* consistent with the Petrarchan presentation of a man immersed in his own feelings. This is reassuring, both for the future of subjective poetry as a whole and for Chaucer's portrayal of Troilus in particular. Furthermore, the translation involves not only such violent expressions of strong feeling but also analysis, reflection upon feeling. Chaucer follows out Petrarch's form of logic, a "scholastic" one that carefully balances two opposed points of view: if this is / is not love, if this is good / bad. The result is again reasurring for the future of introspective and metaphysical love poetry, as well as for the portrayal of Troilus.

While following the main outline of Petrarch's thought, Chaucer makes a few additions and omissions. Most are unimportant, not affecting the Petrarchan content of the "Canticus Troili"; but the third stanza suffers a loss of concentration and richness which, again, points forward to future "Petrarchan" insipidities. Here Chaucer embarks upon the metaphor of a sea voyage, which occupies most of Petrarch's sestet. But he omits the twelfth line of the sonnet in which the lover, a storm-tossed boat, is described as having no ballast of wisdom, loaded with error: "Sí lieve di saver, d'error sí carca." The implied moral judgment is perhaps too solemn for Chaucer's love story, but unfortunately its omission leaves the seafaring metaphor light in weight. One of Chaucer's own metaphorical variants—"Allas! what is this wondre maladie?"—fills the gap, leaving for the seafaring image only the vague feeling of helplessness. Petrarch, no less than Troilus, is tossed to and fro by conflicting winds of feeling; but he gives reasons for this emotional floundering: lack of reason ("governo") and wisdom ("saver"), and a propensity to "error." The Petrarchan image is a means of analyzing why, as well as describing what, the lover suffers. The Chaucerian image is merely descriptive and suggestive. Petrarch's parallel between self and boat is complete, logical, and yet unforced; for it does not deteriorate into witty ingenuity. Obviously the task of transplanting his highly metaphorical poetry is fraught with difficulties too great for all but Petrarch's equals. Stock criticisms of Petrarchan imagery are, on the one hand, that it is inane, purely decorative, or merely emotional, and, on the other hand, that it is overingenious in its clever pursuit of analogies between image and idea. It is towards the former that Chaucer, in rehandling Petrarch's seafaring image, tends.

Chaucer's expansion of fourteen lines to twenty-one obviously involves a further loss of concentration. His metaphorical variants, including the one already mentioned, serve primarily to increase the proportions of the poem. Nevertheless they are consistent and thoughtful. The feverish malady introduced into the penultimate line is not only generally suited to the picture of the lovesick Troilus tossing on his bed but is particularly connected with two earlier additions: in the first stanza "For ay thurst I, the more that ich it drynke," and in the second "I nott ne whi unwery that I feynte."

Otherwise the result of the expansion is often puffy. For instance, in the first stanza, the first three lines correspond to those of the original, but it takes lines four to seven to cover Petrarch's fourth: "Se ria, ond'è sí dolce ogni tormento?" Chaucer's "a wonder thynketh me" is a blatant gap filler, while "tormente and adversite" is a somewhat redundant phrase. The whole passage is clumsy and long-winded, in contrast to Petrarch's compact phrasing of the question "why so sweet each torment?"

Chaucer improves as he goes on. In the second stanza, he avoids using up his material too quickly and spreads its weight more evenly. Thus, lines one and two cover the first line of Petrarch's second quatrain; line three covers the second; line four is a metaphorical variant introduced by Chaucer; line five covers Petrarch's third; and lines six and seven cover his fourth. In the third stanza such problems hardly arise, since a sestet can be expanded to seven lines without much danger of puffiness. Notwithstanding, the "Canticus Troili," taken as a whole, leaves the problem of concentration as a legacy to Chaucer's Petrarchan successors.

The structure of Sonnet 132 presents a further array of the problems which beset not only Chaucer but also later English sonneteers. It is, of course, a regular Italian sonnet, the octave comprising two "enclosed" quatrains each linked by rhyme, the sestet two flowing tercets, also linked by rhyme: *abba, abba, cde, dce.* But this sonnet also has individual features. The ninth line, "E s'io 'l consento, a gran torto mi doglio," though linked by rhyme to the sestet, is linked by sense to the octave. It continues the initial series of agonized conditional arguments. At the same time it silences the earlier questions by making, for the first time in this sonnet, a statement. So Petrarch slides into the completer statement of his case embodied in the extended seafaring image of the sestet. The ninth line hovers between the two parts of the sonnet after the manner of the central line of the Spenserian stanza: "the crucial fifth line, which must give a soft bump to the dying fall of the

first quatrain, keep it in the air, and prevent it from falling apart from the rest of the stanza."[9] Consequently the sestet's introduction of the frail bark tossed on the sea is not so abrupt as it might have been; and the machine of the sonnet structure, with its octave-sestet division, does not creak at this point as in a poor Petrarchan imitation. This feature would be difficult to imitate. Nevertheless it serves as a warning—to follow out or adapt Italian rhyme schemes and to comprehend the rough distinction between octave and sestet do not of themselves produce the structural equivalent of Petrarch's sonnets. Many English sonnets, including some of Shakespeare's, have a comparatively disconnected and rigid structure.

Chaucer's reconstruction of Sonnet 132 as three stanzas of the rhyme royal used throughout *Troilus and Criseyde* might suggest a total failure to understand even the bare rudiments of its structure. However, his distibution of the contents shows that the opposite is true. He devotes a stanza apiece to the two quatrains and a third to the sestet, including the "crucial" ninth line in its metrically appropriate position in his sestet stanza. Clearly, then, he was thinking in terms of the metrical and formal scheme of the regular sonnet before him. In other words, Chaucer really can have the credit, before the Tudor poets, for "discovering" the sonnet, for recognizing it as a special form with its own features. He was probably also aware of the sonnet's rhythmical continuity, and that his own stanzaic form was breaking it; at any rate, he made a noteworthy attempt to provide a syntactical substitute by the use of the connective phrase "and if that" to introduce both the second and third stanzas.

However, in spite of his evident understanding of the sonnet's structure, Chaucer obviously did not intend to copy it closely. His division of the "Canticus Troili" into three parts of equal weight is an arrangement identical with neither the two-part Italian nor the four-part English sonnet. Yet it comes closer to the latter. The strict symmetry imposed by the stanzaic form foreshadows that of the three even, separable, and metrically self-contained quatrains of the English sonnet. Both contrast with the asymmetrical balance characteristic of Petrarch.

As for the rhyme royal stanza itself, it has in common with the English sonnet two main features: the interwoven *abab* scheme of the quatrain, and the final couplet. (Petrarch and the Italians, while using these occasionally, give preference to the enclosed quatrain and tercet ending.) George Saintsbury even suggested that the discovery of the English sonnet might have been the accidental result of the juxtaposi-

[9] William Empson, *Seven Types of Ambiguity* (London, 1949), p. 33.

tion of a couple of rhyme royal stanzas.[10] Walter Bullock, emphasizing the many Italian variants of the sonnet, challenged this view, and asserted that only the final couplet of the rhyme royal stanza could have influenced Wyatt.[11] However, the possibility remains that the couplets of Chaucer's stanzas provided patterns for future English sonnets. It is at once apparent that in the first two stanzas Chaucer plans to avoid cutting the final couplet adrift from the rest of the stanza; it is continuous with the preceding line or lines:

> O quike deth, O swete harm so queynte,
> How may of the in me swich quantite,
> But if that I consente that it be?

On the other hand, the final couplet of the last stanza—the end of the whole "Canticus"—is detached, self-contained, after the manner of the English sonnet:

> Allas! what is this wondre maladie?
> For hete of cold, for cold of het, I dye.

As though to enhance this effect, Chaucer, at this point in his translation, adjusts the metaphors. The "malady," which is his own contribution, anticipates the "heat" and "cold" of the final line, in which he omits Petrarch's reference to the summer and winter seasons. Hence the emphasis falls exclusively on Troilus' description of love as a bodily fever; the terms bind the two lines more closely together, and dissociate them from the immediately preceding lines. To isolate the final couplet by metaphor, as well as by rhyme, was to be a Shakespearean procedure; for example, "Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing" (Sonnet 87) sustains an intricate legal metaphor until the couplet breaks apart with

> Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
> In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

If, then, the rhyme royal stanza, as handled by Chaucer, was by no means the exclusive model for the English sonnet, the two forms certainly bear a marked affinity.

Finally, Chaucer's whole achievement, as a pioneer, in the "Canticus Troili" can be tested by a comparison with the next English translation of Sonnet 132, Passion V of Thomas Watson's *Passionate Centurie of Love* (1582):

> All this Passion (two verses only excepted) is wholly translated out of *Petrarch*... Heerein certaine contrarieties, whiche are incident to him that loueth extreemelye,

[10] *A History of English Prosody*, (London, 1906), I, 307-308.
[11] "The Genesis of the English Sonnet Form," *PMLA*, XXXVIII (1923), 737.

are liuely expressed by a Metaphore. And it may be noted, that the Author in his first halfe verse of this translation varieth from that sense, which *Chawcer* useth in translating the selfe same: which he doth upon no other warrant then his owne simple priuate opinion, which yet he will not greatly stand upon.

If't bee not loue I feele, what is it then?
If loue it bee, what kind a thing is loue?
If good, how chance he hurtes so many men?
If badd, how happ's that none his hurtes disproue?
If willingly I burne, how chance I waile?
If gainst my will, what sorrow will auaile?
O liuesome death, O sweete and pleasant ill,
Against my minde how can thy might preuaile?
If I bend backe, and but refraine my will,
If I consent, I doe not well to waile;
And touching him, whom will hath made a slaue,
The Prouerbe saith of olde, *Selfe doe, selfe haue.*
Thus beeing tost with windes of sundry sorte
Through daung'rous Seas but in a slender Boat,
With errour stuft, and driu'n beside the porte,
Where voide of wisdoms fraight it lies afloate,
I waue in doubt what helpe I shall require,
In sommer freeze, in winter burne like fire.[12]

Watson's reference to the "Canticus Troili" opens up the possibility of its influence, but his tone indicates that he was not in leading strings to Chaucer. He modestly draws attention to his correction of Chaucer's first mistranslation though he repeats the second. He also translates the seafaring metaphor more fully and conscientiously. His vast knowledge of foreign languages and poetry commands respect for Watson's "owne simple priuate opinion"—"seven or eight years in Italy and France," with "worship" of the "Muses" wherever he went, puts him at an advantage even over the well-traveled Chaucer.[13] For sheer accuracy Watson was doubtless useful to later English Petrarchans.

At the same time, there are typical limits to Watson's accuracy. His habitual interest in the "familier trueths" of the laws of love leads him to seek and find them everywhere in Petrarch;[14] and this produces further that un-Petrarchan tendency towards the abstract and general already incipient in the "Canticus Troili." Watson's note on Sonnet 132 draws attention to its application to lovers in general; it expresses "certaine contrarieties, whiche are incident to him that loueth extreemelye." The

[12] The text is taken from Watson's *Poems*, ed. F. Arber (English Reprints, London, 1870), p. 41. There is a note (by Watson) to lines 11-12: "Adduntur Tuscano hij duo versus."

[13] See Mark Eccles' account of Watson's travel and study abroad in *Christopher Marlowe in London* (Cambridge, Mass., 1934), pp. 136 and 131.

[14] See Watson's note on Passion XL, which, he says, is "almost word for word taken out of *Petrarch.*" *Poems*, p. 76.

passion itself soon deserts the subject of the poet-lover's own "hurtes" to dwell, unlike the original, on those of "many men" (line 3). Later, probably in order to stretch the sonnet to his own eighteen-line unit, Watson adds two lines; and these embody a piece of proverbial triteness quite out of tune with Petrarch's subjectivity, and even with that of Troilus:

> And touching him, whom will hath made a slaue,
> The Prouerbe saith of olde, *Selfe doe, selfe haue.*

From the Elizabethan point of view the regularity of Watson's lines must have seemed an "advance" upon Chaucer. In fact, their effect, which is jog-trot, clogged with over-much end stopping, and totally lacking in overall flow, is un-Petrarchan, and, compared to the "Canticus Troili," insensitive. Watson was obviously more concerned with Petrarch's sense than with his sound or structure; his inclusion of the ninth line in the octave section shows that his eye was more on its logical than its metrical position. Rhythmically and structurally Watson falls short, in my opinion, of Chaucer. He follows Chaucer, however, in the division of his material into three metrically self-contained sections, and in the use of interwoven quatrains followed by couplets. All Watson's "passions" comprise three six-line stanzas (*ababcc*), so that they closely resemble the three rhyme royal stanzas (*ababbcc*) of the "Canticus Troili." Consequently, like Chaucer's, Watson's reconstruction of Sonnet 132 approximates rather to the English than to the Italian sonnet form.

Chaucer stands the test of comparison with a minor Elizabethan Petrarchan well, an achievement which can appropriately be stated in the words of Watson's greater contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney:

> Chaucer, vndoubtedly, did excellently in hys *Troylus* and *Cresseid*; of whom, truly, I know not whether to meruaile more, either, that he in that mistie time could see so clearly, or that wee in this cleare age walke so stumblingly after him.[15]

The compatibility of Petrarch's Sonnet 132 and *Troilus and Criseyde* extends much further than a mere reference to its local context (Troilus' lovesickness in Book I) implies. The sonnet's special value for Chaucer is enhanced by the fact that it took root in ground already prepared for it, by the fact that Chaucer and Petrarch were already united in their relation to a common tradition, that of courtly love poetry. Three aspects of this tradition are specially relevant to the present case: the psychology of falling in love, the character of the hero, and certain of the images

[15] *An Apologie for Poetrie*; see *Elizabethan Critical Essays*, ed. G. G. Smith (Oxford, 1904), I, 196.

and devices of "rethorike sweete" used to express them. I shall concentrate on what is found in Sonnet 132, supposing Chaucer to be unacquainted with any other of Petrarch's poems.

To fall in love is to experience conflicting feelings, "certaine contrarieties," as Watson would have it; so the "psychology" of Sonnet 132 can be baldly summed up. Petrarch derived the definition of love as "dulce malum" or "doussa dolors" from Ovid and from the Ovidian troubadours, together with the rhetorical device, oxymoron, by which it is expressed.[16] The definition and device became commonplaces of the courtly love poetry of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Petrarch's own "dilettoso male" and "viva morte" are reproduced in Chaucer's translation as "swete harm" and "quike deth." Close to this device and expressive of the same state of conflict is the antithesis, an example of which is found in the last line of Sonnet 132: "E tremo a mezza state, ardendo il verno." In what way, then, did Petrarch's individual genius act upon the tradition? Simply, he united this stock concept of love with personal experience, and argued about it. The octave of Sonnet 132 describes a whole tissue of contradictions as felt and understood by the one lover. Definition of love becomes description of a lover's feelings.

Petrarch's hero—himself—owes less to Ovid than to his Provençal and Italian predecessors. In the power of the god of Love and the service of an adored lady, the courtly lover's situation makes him humble and helpless. Often in tears, always burning, sighing, groaning, and lamenting, he can but utter the stock "complaint." Sonnet 132 expresses the usual helplessness, the "pianto e lamento"; but now the helplessness is less an aspect of the lover's situation than of his character. And this hero therefore becomes less the vague "I" of the mediaeval love lyric than a "modern" melancholic personality: "non so quel ch'io mi voglio" —he knows not what he wants or needs. All this emerges more fully as the arguments which occupy the octave are suspended, and achieves its final expression through the sustained seafaring metaphor.

The seafaring image of Sonnet 132 is Petrarch's main "device" for projecting his hero—his character, feelings, thoughts, and personal experience. The image itself can be traced to the common tradition, though, in this case, later love poets owe virtually everything to Petrarch and but little to Ovid and the mediaeval courtly poets. A stock ancient figure, renewed in the Middle Ages, is the comparison of the composition of a work to a sea voyage; Ovid, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and

[16] See Eleanor Prescott Hammond's comment on Skelton's use of "pleasant paine" and "glad distres" (in the *Garland of Laurell*): *English Verse between Chaucer and Surrey* (London, 1927), p. 524.

Chaucer are among the many poets to "sail" through their stories.[17] But, obviously, the classical legacy here is to the progress of long narrative poems rather to an inner psychological state, the subject matter of short love lyrics like Sonnet 132. The seafaring image as an expression of the lover's dilemma and state of mind is only occasionally found in Ovid, source of so many figures of courtly love poetry. However, a striking use of it opens *Amores*, II, iv. Ovid, hating his sins but lacking the strength to rule himself, is like a ship swept along and tossed about by raging water:

> Nam desunt vires ad me mihi iusque regendum;
> auferor ut rapida concita puppis acqua.
> (Lines 7-8)

Alfred Jeanroy, who thinks it by no means certain that the Provençal poets derived this image from Ovid, cites instances from Ventadour, Borneil, and Arnaut d'Aganges, all of whom compare the lover "tossed to and fro" between hope and despair to a boat on a stormy sea.[18] Petrarch used the seafaring image more frequently and developed it much further than his predecessors. He transmitted it to the European Renaissance. And the channels through which, in its Petrarchan form, it entered English love poetry were, first, Chaucer's translation of Sonnet 132, and, second, Wyatt's translation of Sonnet 189, "My galy charged with forgetfulnes." The image soon became one of the most firmly entrenched of Elizabethan Petrarchanisms.[19] But this later phase is not to the present purpose; it is sufficient to notice the key position of Petrarch in the history of the image.

Chaucer stands in the same relation as Petrarch to all these traditional doctrines and rhetorical conventions, and his translation of *Le Roman de la Rose* reveals the extent of his acquaintance with them. The "I" of the poem is, of course, the obedient servant of the god of Love and adorer of the rose. The pleasure-pain sensation of loving is expounded at great length, through allegory and rhetoric, by precept, and, very occasionally, by direct description of the lover's feelings. For example, after the hero has been struck by an arrow, the god of Love gives him an ointment, and, as the wound heals, he feels "bothe gret anoy and eke swetnesse," "joye meynt with bittirness," "harme and good," "ese and

[17] See E. R. Curtius, *European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages*, trans. W. R. Trask (London, 1953), pp. 128-130.

[18] *La Poésie lyrique des troubadours* (Toulouse and Paris, 1934), p. 125 and p. 126 n.

[19] Janet G. Scott, throughout *Les Sonnets élisabéthains* (Paris, 1929), refers to it as a banality, and L. C. John cites it as one of many conventional comparisons. See *The Elizabethan Sonnet Sequences* (New York, 1938), p. 122.

anger" (lines 1919-1926). Soon after, the god of Love gives various charges and precepts to the lover, predicting that, while he loves, he shall

> no while be in o stat
> But whylom cold and whilom hat.
> (Lines 2397-8)

And accordingly, having kissed the rose, the lover does experience all these "mixed" emotions and contrary states:

> I myght not be so angwisshous
> That I (ne) mote glad and joly be
> Whanne that I remembre me.
> Yet ever among, sothly to seyne,
> I soffre noy and moche peyne.
> (Lines 3768-72)

Then directly following—the actual juxtaposition strongly suggesting Sonnet 132 and the "Canticus Troili"—is a long description of the sea of love, sometimes calm, sometimes rough:

> The see may never be so stille
> That with a litel wynde it nille
> Overwhelme and turne also,
> As it were wood, in wawis goo.
> Aftir the calm the trouble sone
> Mot folowe and chaunge as the moone.
> Right so farith Love, that selde in oon
> Holdith his anker: for right anoon
> Whanne they in ese wene best to lyve,
> They ben with tempest all fordryve.[20]
> (Lines 3773-82)

"Right so farith Love." This is doctrinaire, diffuse, and generalized compared with Petrarch's sonnet. But it provides a framework of familiar ideas and devices.

The *Romaunt of the Rose*, then, prepares the ground for the "Canticus Troili." The contents of Petrarch's sonnet "conformed too well to the rhetorical exempla of the poetics followed by Chaucer to escape his attention."[21] That Troilus should address the god of Love, that he should "pleyne," that he should think love a "swete harm" and feel it as a heat-cold sensation, that he should compare himself to a ship at sea—all these Petrarchan features conform to Chaucer's own knowledge of the code of love and to its "poetics."

[20] The example, as a source, might be added to Paull F. Baum's study of "Chaucer's Nautical Metaphors," *South Atlantic Quarterly*, XLIX (1950), 67-73. I agree with Baum's conclusion (p. 73) that the image as used by Chaucer is literary and has nothing to do with his having crossed the Channel.

[21] Mario Praz, *The Flaming Heart*, p. 266.

The conclusion to be drawn is not necessarily that Petrarch's sonnet was, after all, of no special, only of general, value to Chaucer, providing items that he could have found elsewhere or which were already before him in the text of his main source, Boccaccio's *Il Filostrato*. Take the "Canticus Troili" again in its context. Troilus, like Boccaccio's Troilo, sees Criseyde in the temple, returns home to sit at the foot of his bed, and promptly makes up his mind "Criseyde for to love, and nought repente" (I, 392). But Troilo's behavior is much more precipitate than that of Troilus, since he proceeds at once to address the god of Love:

> con pietoso parlar: Signor, omai
> l'anima è tua ...
>
> (Part I, Stanza 38)

Troilus sings his Petrarchan song before he utters the corresponding plea:

> And to the God of Love thus seyde he
> With pitous voise, "O lord, now youres is
> My spirit..."
>
> (I, 422-4)

So the "Canticus Troili" makes a pause in which Troilus, baffled by the sudden onset of new and powerful feelings, attempts to sort them out and take stock of himself. More strikingly than anything in the early part of *Il Filostrato*, the "Canticus Troili" also suggests future developments in the hero's personality. Sonnet 132 has been described as the expression of a weak spirit and wavering will, and as presenting a phenomenon, a certain state of mind, rather than a mere tissue of thoughts.[22] Petrarch fails to find an issue in action or even to reach a decisive conclusion. In other words, his sonnet expresses a negative personality not unlike the future Troilus. If Troilus does become active, in accordance with the demands of the story, it is not before Pandarus has roused his "mouse's heart"; and he is all too liable to lapse back into the mood foreshadowed in his "song."

Sonnet 132 does, then make its own contribution to *Troilus and Criseyde*; but Chaucer's total debt to Petrarch remains quantitatively small. After the "Canticus Troili" their paths do not cross again. Yet the study of their relationship would not be complete wtihout a reference to a general similarity of achievement. Chaucer's independent advance in the art of characterization creates effects comparable with Petrarch's, particularly where the common conventions are handled. For instance,

[22] See F. de Sanctis, *Saggio critico sul Petrarca* (Bari, 1954), pp. 116 and 68. The author's praise of Sonnet 132 is the more to be valued because he did not take an altogether favorable view of the *Rime* as a whole.

throughout *Troilus and Criseyde* Chaucer distinguishes conflict as inwardly felt from conflict as a conventional notion, outwardly adopted by the fashionable gallant. Nor does he overuse such traditional devices as the oxymoron. Pandarus's use of it savors strongly of conventionality, as when he mysteriously bears news to Criseyde: "I have a joly wo, a lusty sorwe" (II, 1099). Criseyde's rejoinder, for all its real alarm, also recognizes her uncle as the old hand at love's game, the man of "olde ensaumples":

> Now, by youre fey, myn uncle...
> Tell us youre joly wo and youre penaunce
> How ferforth be ye put in loves daunce?
> (II, 1103-6)

Criseyde's own experience of contrariety, when told of Troilus' suit, had been quite another matter: "What shal I doon?," "Shall I nat love, in cas if that me lest?," "Allas! how dorst I thenken that folie?," and so on, till

> ...after that, hire thought gan for to clere,
> And seide, "He which that nothing undertaketh,
> Nothyng n'acheveth, be hym looth or deere."
> And with an other thought hire herte quaketh;
> Than slepeth hope, and after drede awaketh;
> Now hoot, now cold; but thus, bitwixen tweye,
> She rist hire up, and wente here for to pleye.
> (II, 806-12)

It is not to be doubted that Criseyde, a universal favorite with readers, is a highly original Chaucerian character, owing little to Boccaccio and nothing to Petrarch. Yet her wavering "bitwixen" hope and dread, her feeling "now hoot, now cold" are, taken in isolation, conventional items; Chaucer had used the very terms in translating *Le Roman de la Rose*. Their assimilation into an original character study is simply the Chaucerian equivalent of the Petrarchan transformation of the Ovidian-troubadour conventions. "No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists."[23]

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[23] T. S. Eliot, "Tradition and the Individual Talent" (1919), in *Selected Essays*, 3rd ed. (London, 1951), p. 15.

SISTER M. CLEOPHAS, R.S.M.

Ash Wednesday: The *Purgatorio* in a Modern Mode

NOW THAT we may reasonably assume that the major portion of Eliot's work has been completed, it is easy to see that *Ash Wednesday* is a fulcrum for the whole corpus of his poetry. It looks before and after. Lacking the morbid enchantment of *The Waste Land* and the lyrical historicity of the *Four Quartets*, it keeps a middle way, attracting and holding readers with the limpidity of the verse and the skill of the artistry.

One of the most direct means of realizing the status of *Ash Wednesday* is to examine briefly a few remarks Eliot made before writing it. Because of the importance of the 1927 study on Dante for Eliot's critical thinking, comparatively little attention has been focused on the 1920 essay on the same subject which appeared in *The Sacred Wood*. In this early piece Eliot hints at the direction the whole course of his poetry is to take. The essay is concerned with the defense of the last two parts of the *Commedia* as poetry, rather than as theology or philosophy, with occasional poetic asides. Eliot claims that one cantica or even one passage of Dante's poem cannot be judged without advertence to the whole design. "The poem has not only a framework, but a form; and even if the framework be allegorical, the form may be something else."[1] "The mechanical framework, in a poem of so vast an ambit, was a necessity."[2] This mechanical framework had to be present to carry "the emotional structure within the scaffold." Only after this explanation are we informed that "this structure is an ordered scale of human emotions."

[1] T. S. Eliot, *The Sacred Wood* (London, 1945), p. 165.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 167.

Eliot stresses this climactic point: "Dante's is the most comprehensive and the most *ordered* presentation of emotions that has ever been made."[3] He later adds, concerning the ordering of emotions in a structural framework, that "the poet does not aim to excite—that is not even a test of his success—but to set something down."[4]

Here Eliot is pointing to what for him is a coign of vantage which offers the ideal in an embodiment of poetry "remote in time" and "alien in language." He discerns that the framework of allegory in Dante's poem, characteristic of the Middle Ages, is informed with a near-perfect structure that moves from the most sensuous to the most intellectual and spiritual references. The challenge for the modern disciple is: How may the framework be transposed to a modern objective correlative while keeping the matrix of Dante's structure?

Following the hint in the Dante essay and applying it to the body of Eliot's work, I think it possible to perceive the transformation which took place. "J. Alfred Prufrock" approximates the trimmer on the outer rim of the *Inferno*; "Gerontion" is the "old man" of fallen human nature who is completely submerged in the hell of his vices; *The Waste Land* is a telescoped *Inferno* highlighting lust from the first circle and avarice from the City of Dis. "The Hollow Men" follows as a presentation of the late-repentant in Antepurgatory; and *Ash Wednesday* is a modern conception of the *Purgatorio*.[5]

Commentaries on *Ash Wednesday*, while referring to the *Commedia* in general and occasionally to the second cantica in particular, tend to supply explications of individual verses and sources for the imagery without pausing to consider the relation of part to part. Indeed, there seem to be some misgivings as to whether the six parts of *Ash Wednesday* are a unity.[6] Yet, when writing of Joyce, Eliot was keenly aware

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 168.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 170.

[5] That *Four Quartets* is a modern *Paradiso* I have tried to show elsewhere. See "Notes on the Levels of Meaning in *Four Quartets*," *Renascence*, II (1950), 102-106.

[6] Helen Gardner, *The Art of T. S. Eliot* (London, 1949), p. 113, is of the opinion that *Ash Wednesday* is "not . . . a single contiguous poem, but a group of poems on aspects of a single theme." George Williamson in *A Reader's Guide to T. S. Eliot* (New York, 1953) has explicated the parts of the poem as describing stages of spiritual renovation with heavy reliance throughout upon the closing cantos of the *Purgatorio*, but he nowhere discusses structure as such nor does he show how the poem depends upon the Earthly Paradise section. Mario Praz in his "T. S. Eliot and Dante," *Southern Review*, II (1937), now in *The Flaming Heart* (New York, 1958), and D. E. S. Maxwell, *The Poetry of T. S. Eliot* (London, 1952), have confined their observations to parallels rather than to structure. In an unpublished master's dissertation, "An Explication of Part V of T. S. Eliot's *Ash Wednesday*" (Catholic University of America, 1953), Irene McCrystal interprets Part V as the unifying element.

of the modern poet's need to rely upon some factor to aid him in achieving coherence, and it is hardly plausible that a writer as alert as he to the values of Dante's structures should not have attempted to transfuse some of these into his own work. In this paper I wish, then, to show how *Ash Wednesday* depends upon the *Purgatorio*, and to demonstrate that there is an underlying orderly progression in Eliot's poem.

Superficial indications of this progression may be glimpsed from the opening words of the first and sixth parts. "*Because* I do not hope to turn again" was meant to be subtly contrasted with "*Although* I do not hope to turn again." Nor must one overlook the energizing force for unification that lurks in the title. A poem bearing the name of the liturgical feria Ash Wednesday, and so designated responsibly by the author, presupposes a world of faith—faith in a Creator Who has been offended by personal acts. It connotes, moreover, a realization that atonement is necessary to restore the imbalance caused by the deliberate willfullness of the soul's straying from the way of love. Ash Wednesday has significance for no special person alone. It designates the state of mankind as a whole—man as a creature made from dust to which he will return when death begins its work of dissolution. And as a corollary it inevitably insinuates the question: Will the soul be subject to the same dissolution if it misuses "the time of tension between dying and birth"?

But before unweaving the pattern of Eliot's poem, let us recall some of the more striking episodes of the *Purgatorio* so that the important likenesses and differences of the modern counterpart may be more easily observed.

Dante arrives at Purgatory proper in Canto IX. He has been borne there by St. Lucy; Virgil very bluntly tells him "Tu se' omai al Purgatorio giunto." They see

> ... una porta, e tre gradi di sotto
> per gire ad essa, di color diversi
> e un portier ch'ancor non facea motto.
> (IX, 76-18)

Dante learns that he must go through this gate, and notes as he ascends the steps that the first

> ... bianco marmo era sì pulito e terso
> ch'io mi specchiai in esso qual io paio.
> (IX, 95-96)

The next

> ... tinto più che perso
> d'una petrina ruvida ed arsiccia
> crepata per lo lungo e per traverso.
> (IX, 97-99)

The third

> . . . che di sopra s'ammassiccia,
> porfido mi parea sì fiammeggiante,
> come sangue che fuor di vena spiccia.
> (IX, 100-102)

These steps have been variously interpreted, but the most pertinent interpretation seems to be that they represent the three parts of penitence: realization of sin, contrition, and satisfaction. Having walked up the steps "di buona voglia" and having smote his breast three times, Dante faces the angel of the gate, who inscribes on his forehead seven P's which the angel tells him to wash away "quando se' dentro."

Dante's Mount of Purgatory proper is divided into three parts which stem from the three errors of love: perverted love, defective love, and excessive love. Perverted love generates pride, envy, and anger; defective love is sloth; and excessive love produces avarice, gluttony, and lust. At the summit of the ascent, Dante is accosted by Arnaut Daniel who speaks to him in Provençal and bespeaks his prayers. Virgil cautions Dante that he can go no farther unless he crosses through the wall of fire. When Dante seems to be stubbornly resistant, Virgil persuades him by saying: "Figliuol mio, / qui può esser tormento, ma non morte" (XXVII, 20-21). He adds that this is the only way by which he may reach Beatrice. To achieve this happiness, Dante plunges into the flames and emerges on the Terrestrial Paradise where Matilda greets him. Telling him of Lethe and Eunoë she says:

> L'acqua che vedi non surge di vena
> che ristori vapor che gel converta,
> come fiume ch'acquista e perde lena;
> ma esce di fontana salda e certa,
> che tanto dal voler di Dio riprende,
> quant'ella versa da due parti aperta.
> (XXVIII, 121-126)

But before Dante can pass through Lethe, Beatrice arrives with the pageant of the Sacrament and makes him confess openly that he has turned away from her.

In the main, this is the section of the *Purgatorio* which Eliot has followed. He has not rewritten Dante; he has composed his own poem of shored fragments. The ultimate starry serenity which Dante reaches "dalla santissim'onda" of Eunoë is far from being echoed in the modern work. What Eliot has presented is a psychological journey of the soul's struggle in the skeptical modern world. This he has expressed, not through strikingly dramatic episodes that constitute a consecutive narration, but through a presentation in symbols of a meditative progres-

sion from complete confidence in self to a vivid awareness of the soul's total need of God. The speech of the modern poem is in the nature of a soliloquy which sets forth the slow advance of the soul from the reluctant acceptance of the necessity of turning to God to the realization of what turning to God means—that difficult apprehension of an imageless world of spiritual reality. This state is slowly disclosed by a part-contemplative, part-supplicatory, part-quoted speech which takes on the characteristics of an interior monologue. This interiority is shown by the scarcity of punctuation marks and by the abrupt transitions from descriptive sentences to supplications for prayers and to prayer itself on the part of the speaker.

Parts I and VI of *Ash Wednesday* are prelude and epilogue, periods of stasis; they encircle the four center sections which describe the progressive spiritual realization the soul achieves—from haughty admission of sinfulness and the resultant freedom in that admission; through contrition, made effectual by striving to free one's self from the effects of sin; to satisfaction, which is shown by personal penance and prayer but especially by union with Christ in His Passion as the only complete means of satisfaction for sin. The climax of the poem is in Part V.[7]

The voice is consistent throughout. The use of the first person singular gives the poem a dramatic quality of immediate urgency, but does not necessarily imply any specific person. In fact, in the prayers the voice frequently merges with the impersonal plural. Other voices intervene, notably in Part II, the most dramatic of the parts, when God speaks, and "that which was contained in the bones" chirps, and the bones sing. In Part V the quotation from the Good Friday Reproaches suggests the voice of Christ.

Although *Ash Wednesday* in its intricate texture outlines a progression, this is not a simple, linear movement from one section of the poem to another. The poem begins *in medias res*. Part I is in the present tense. Punctuation marks are infrequent so that sentences merge together as though one thought overlapped another, and anacoluthon is apparent. By introspective stages the speech sets forth an action which has been taken, the turning, but the result of the action is sterile: "I no longer strive to strive towards such things"; "I rejoice that things are as they are and / I renounce the blessed face / And renounce the voice."

The reasons alleged for this negative attitude are all psychological: "Because I do not hope"; "Because I do not think"; "Because I know I shall not know." Out of forty-four lines, eleven begin with "Because I." The onus of the surrender is thrown upon the natural man. The

[7] See Irene McCrystal, *op. cit.*, note 6 above.

turning from the Mardi Gras of sin has been accomplished but there is little joy, hope, or knowledge of the way to be followed. Even the plea for prayers is perfunctory, full of condescension.

> Teach us to care and not to care
> Teach us to sit still

—but this will be achieved by an act of the will rather than by the "air" of divine inspiration.

The only link this section of *Ash Wednesday* has with the *Purgatorio* is in the invocation from the "Hail, Mary" with which it concludes. Throughout his second cantica, Dante poeticized the liturgy, to use Dr. Hatzfeld's expression, by inserting appropriate psalms, hymns, and canticles which symbolize the states of the souls who sing them. Eliot has incorporated this device into *Ash Wednesday*. The prayers quoted are snatches of familiar phrases which attain a powerful impact because of their familiarity and also because they are used as entreaties of a soul in travail. The quality of each particular part is summarized by the prayer used; the progression of the poem is likewise shown by these quotations, which are not so much happy conclusions or consoling formulas as symbols which serve to chart the soul's position. In Part I the literal meaning of the invocation has significance—spiritual help is sought; but the metonymical character of the phrase is apparent; it becomes a symbol for the means whereby all spiritual help may be gained; it is a symbol of Mary herself.

Parts II and III are written in the past tense; what they recount has preceded the action of Part I. In point of fact they contain a description of the turning just spoken of. The words "e vo Significando," which appeared as the epigraph when this Part I was first published as a separate poem and which is taken from Canto XXIV of the *Purgatorio*, explains the soul's necessity for recalling the past. Dante's speech to Bonagiunta runs:

> ... "I' mi son un, che quando
> Amor mi spira, noto, e a quel modo
> ch'e' ditta dentro vo significando."
> (XXIV, 52-54)

The words are quoted from a context mainly concerned with the "dolce stil nuovo," but in the modern poem they acquire a more personal import. The voice of Part I, inspired by Divine Love, is recollecting within itself the "story" of the turning and is now setting it forth.

When Dante comes to Purgatory proper, he is brought there by St.

Lucy, the figure of illuminating grace. She may be the "Lady" who is saluted in the opening verse of the second section of *Ash Wednesday*.

Dante moves up the three steps of penitence, the first of which is described as

> . . . bianco marmo era sì pulito e terso
> ch'io mi specchiai in esso qual io paio.
> (IX, 95-96)

The voice in Part II of *Ash Wednesday* describes a "mirroring" too; but it is an interior recognition that the dissembling of the self, caused by the three white leopards (which may be sins of thought, word, and deed), is a consequence of past evil; the acknowledgment of the cause of this disintegration wins the grace of partial recovery. The soul can view the separation of itself with equanimity, even with joyfulness. As a result, the bones can sing. The burden which is chanted is full of references to the Garden, but it is also full of contradictions. Still too imperfect to see spiritual things clearly, the soul sings a song of paradoxes; but at least the final goal—the Garden—is discernible. And this part concludes with the line from Ezekiel: "This is the land. We have our inheritance." Having regained this knowledge, the soul has its inheritance in sight; nothing else matters.

The second step of penitence is contrition. It implies sorrow, based on responsible knowledge. As it is described in Canto IX, the step of contrition is black, the color of mourning, ". . . ruvida ed arsiccia / crepato per lo lungo e per traverso." The process of contrition, however, does not stop here in either poem. The major portion of the *Purgatorio*, Cantos X to XXVII, is a picture of the soul journeying through the cornices of the seven capital sins, gradually sloughing off the attachments to sin which remain even after they have been acknowledged. Dante has schematized the sins of Purgatory as aberrations of love. As such they fall into three divisions. Eliot has combined these two conceptions in Part III of *Ash Wednesday*. The use of the phrase "three stairs" is ambiguous and misleading until one realizes that the three strophes contain symbols of the three false conceptions of love: love perverted, which includes pride, envy, and anger; love defective, which is sloth; and love excessive, which contains avarice, gluttony, and lust. The telescoping process which is possible with symbols is evident in the three strophes of Part III. The soul has reached the second stair of contrition; but, on looking back to the first stair, it sees itself ("the same shape") twisted with pride, suffering the fetid air of envy, and "struggling with the devil" of anger who perverts by deception.

Still on the stair of contrition ("At the second turning of the second

stair"), one meets the images of defective love which are symbols of repulsive incompletion. Finally, as the soul is about to ascend to the third stair of satisfaction, the vices of excessive love coalesce in charming allurements which are skillfully marred by "bellied," "broad-backed," "blown hair," and "distraction."

It is worth while noting that Part III not only concludes with a reference to the stair of satisfaction but also that the tense has subtly changed in the use of present participles. The phrase, "Lord, I am not worthy," snatched from the prayer of the centurion, symbolizes the humility which the soul is beginning to experience after recalling the process of "turning" from sin to God.

Having reached the summit of the stairway, the soul is now ready to enter upon the third step which Dante describes in Canto IX "... che di sopra s'ammassiccia, / porfido mi parea sì fiammeggiante, / come sangue che fuor di vena spiccia." Theologically speaking, satisfaction is twofold: to one's neighbor and to God. Part IV of *Ash Wednesday* is concerned mainly with satisfaction to the neighbor.

The indefinite syntax of the indefinite *who* used at the beginning of Part IV is resolved only with the plea taken from Arnaut's speech: "Sovegna vos." Those who are supplicated are described in the past tense. The reason for their being besought is that they practiced penance while they were living ("Walked between the violet and the violet"); they had hope ("walked between / The various ranks of varied green') and faith and humility ("Going in white and blue, in Mary's colour"). Since they were virtuous while they lived and by their lives renewed the earth ("made strong the fountains and made fresh the springs"), assistance is sought from them in thing spiritual.

The recurring emphasis upon the theme of time ("Here are the years that walk between") and the insistence on "redeeming the dream" take on a plangency that sounds the value of the present for salvation. Recovery, restoration, rescue, fulfillment, compensation are united into the sensitive word "redeem." The use of "dream" as connoting reality which will later come to pass is suggested in Canto XXVII when Dante, just before being taken to the Earthly Paradise, remarks: "... il sonno che sovente, / anzi 'l fatto sia, sa le novelle." The present is precious because it is only in the "years that walk between" that eternity is bought. The higher dream, the story of man's redemption by Christ, is (in a world that ignores God) a gift which is unheard of, unless one listens to the whisperings of the Holy Spirit (wind) that drift from out of time (the yew).

The concluding prayer, "after this our exile," again leads our

thoughts to our Lady, the fruit of whose womb will be revealed in the next section.

Part V divides itself into two segments which are composed into a unity by the phrase from the Reproaches, "O my people, what have I done unto thee." The last phrase of the "Salve Regina" which closed Part IV, "And after this our exile," looked forward and intimated that the spiritual exile was nearing an end. The first strophe of Part V concentrates upon the Incarnate Word, Who, unknown and unheeded by many, is still dwelling in the world. The skillfully inserted refrain from the Reproaches immediately suggests the reason for the Incarnation—the Redemption. Agitated questions and prayers to the "veiled sister" characterize the remaining three strophes. They point up the decisive choice that must be made by the soul in the modern world: either accepting a state of complete spiritual sterility or bowing to a faith that demands submission of reason. This dilemma reaches a climax when the voice in the poem describes the division between faith and doubt in the soul: "affirming before the world and denying between the rocks." The coalescence of innocence and hardened attachment to sin is pictured in the image

> The desert in the garden and the garden in the desert
> Of drouth . . .

but the eventual victory of faith is confirmed with the repetition of "O my people." To accept the redemption of Christ is to become part of the people of God.

In the Earthly Paradise, reproaching Dante for his skepticism, Beatrice chides him by saying:

> Ma perch'io veggio te nello 'ntelletto.
> fatto di pietra, ed impetrato, tinto,
> si che t'abbaglia il lume del mio detto . . .
> (XXXIII, 73-75)

These psychological stones may very well have become the "blue rocks" so prominent in the last part of *Ash Wednesday*.[8] The will of the speaker in *Ash Wednesday* is convinced; it has turned to God, but the last blue rock, the vestiges of sin, prevent the soul from being completely pliable to grace.

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[8] Dorothy Sayers, *Purgatory* (London, 1955), p. 58, has quoted a stanza from Burns' "Advice to a Young Friend" which is relevant to this point.

> "I waive the quantum of the sin,
> The hazard of concealing;
> But och! it hardens a' within,
> And petrifies the feeling.!"

Part V then is linked with Part IV by intimations that only through the Blood of Christ is satisfaction for sin completely attained. The agitation, so prominent in Part V, parallels Dante's stubborn refusal to penetrate the wall of fire which must be hazarded before the soul can reach the Earthly Paradise. This wall has recently been described by Bernard Stambler as "more than a means of purgation, goal, and check combined: it is also the realm of fire through which one passes to reach the supermundane universe; it is a foretaste, almost a sample, of the power of God's *caritas*."[9] The wall of fire then has become in the modern poem God's love illustrated in the Passion. Through this and this alone can one be baptized and thus spit out the withered apple seed, becoming again one of the people of God.

Part VI is an epilogue to the spiritual odyssey which has been made through Parts II to V. A new plateau is reached. Even though there is a superficial resemblance to the prelude, indicated by the reiteration of the refusal to turn, the difference is pointed up by the contrast between the crass sureness of "Because" and the humble diffidence of "Although." The soul has acquired a new insight; it knows the immense attraction of "the empty forms between the ivory gates" and realizes that not by depending upon self but only through spiritual assistance will this state of siege be broken and liberty of spirit attained.

When Dante reaches the Earthly Paradise, before he is allowed to cross the river Lethe, Beatrice accosts him after he has viewed the Pageant of the Sacrament and reproaches him for his unfaithfulness. He confesses his guilt:

> ... Le presenti cose
> col falso lor piacer volser miei passi,
> tosto che 'l vostro viso si nascose.
> (XXXI, 35-36)

She commends him for his confession, allows him to be bathed in Lethe, and leads him to the Gryphon, "ch'è sola una persona in due nature" (XXXI, 81).

Both of these Sacraments, Penance and the Holy Eucharist, our surest spiritual aids, are signified in the last section of Eliot's poem. The cryptic formula of confession, "Bless me father," enclosed in parentheses, is a suggestion of Penance.

The "Suffer me not to be separated," a supplication for union with God taken from the prayer said just before the Communion of the Mass, is the symbol of the second. The happy employment of this line is a *curiosa felicitas* indeed. Not only does it foreshadow the Holy Eucharist

[9] *Dante's Other World* (New York, 1957), p. 229.

about to be received, but the word "separated" enfolds the whole theology of Purgatory—where the greatest pain is precisely separation from God and where the only act the soul can perform for itself is to cry unto God in prayer.

Part by part, then, I think it is possible to observe that Eliot tried to follow the underlying spiritual structure of Dante's second great cantica. To concede that he has merely imitated "an emotional structure" —even "the most ordered presentation of emotions"—is to belittle his achievement. What he has set down is first of all a title which is an intimate part of the poem, suggesting, as it does, the Lenten penitential references. There is a relation of part to part which achieves a structure that is analogous to the *Purgatorio*. In its composition, symbols (both traditional and private), tense sequence, and voice structure unite to dramatize modern man's excessive hesitation in renouncing the attractions of the world in order to trust in the possibility of the spiritual world. What is evident is that in paralleling the *Purgatorio* Eliot has arrived at a finished work of art which points to and exemplifies in a modern form the Christian scheme of sorrow for sin and the amendment necessary for renewing innocence of heart.

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Voltaire's Criticism Of Calderón

IN VIEW of his neoclassical conservatism in literary matters, it is scarcely surprising that Voltaire's opinion of the Spanish drama was very low. Many of the strictures which he applied to English drama he also applied to the Spanish, and hence they are more or less familiar even to those who have not concerned themselves directly with Voltaire's opinions of Peninsular literature. Perhaps it is for this reason that Voltaire's oft-repeated judgments and even his translation of Calderón's *En esta vida todo es verdad y todo mentira* have attracted so little notice.[1]

However, something is to be learned about Voltaire's literary criticism through a study of his judgments of Calderón's plays. Not only the judgments themselves but certain of the tacitly accepted criteria underlying them are of considerable interest. It must also be said that, if his judgments are severe, his criticisms of the two Spanish plays which he considered in some detail still seem unanswerable.

With the exception of *Don Quixote*, Voltaire was not enthusiastic about any Spanish literary work.[2]

> A l'égard des Espagnols [he writes to D'Alembert] je ne connais que *Don Quichotte* et Antonio de Solis. Je ne sais pas assez l'espagnol pour avoir lu d'autres livres, pas même le *Château de l'âme* de Sainte Thérèse.[3]

[1] Some of the topics discussed in this paper are very briefly touched on at the end of Alfonso de Salvio's "Voltaire and Spain," *Hisp.*, VII (1924), 69-110, 157-164. A brief but excellent discussion of Voltaire's critical position will be found in René Wellek, *A History of Modern Criticism, 1750-1950* (Yale, 1955), I, 38-41.

[2] "Les Espagnols sont beaucoup plus réguliers [que les Anglais] mais depuis Don Quichotte ils n'ont plus guère mérité qu'on les lise." *Voltaire's Notebooks*, ed. T. Besterman (Geneva, 1952), II, 429. Voltaire was probably reading or rereading *Don Quixote* in 1753. See *Voltaire's Correspondence*, ed. T. Besterman (Geneva, 1953-), XXIII, 133, 146, 203.

[3] Besterman, XXIV, 262

Yet he knew Lope well enough to quote, apparently in his own translation, the lines from *El arte nuevo de hacer comedias* in which Lope attacks the public for which he wrote.[4] Voltaire also knew something (even if he was often wrong) about Diamante and Guillén de Castro, Rojas Zorilla and Alarcón, Tirso de Molina and even Emanuel de Guerra.[5] It is clear that, in the letter to D'Alembert, Voltaire understates both his knowledge of Spanish literature and his skill in the Spanish tongue.

In the article "Art dramatique" of the *Dictionnaire philosophique* Voltaire discusses one of Calderón's *autos, La devoción de la misa.* In this play Secta de Mahoma and an angel (representing Spain) are in argument about which is to triumph. They have earthly counterparts, respectively, in Almanzor and the Conde Garci-Fernández. The Devil, aided by a Mohammedan soldier, Lelio, is working for the defeat of the angel. One of the count's officers is Pascual Vivas, who is in love with Aminta. Pascual is devoted to the mass and serves several times as acolyte, even when Aminta has been seized by the Moors and his duty is to fight against Almanzor. The angel takes his place in battle, to the confusion of the Devil, who does not understand how Pascual can be in two places at once. In the end Pascual is rewarded for his bravery, even though the angel's intervention is made known, and marries Aminta.

The play is elaborately allegorical. Besides the abstract personages like the Angel and the Mohammedan Sect, there are human characters who also have symbolic functions. Aminta stands for impure earthly love, Garci-Fernández for Grace, and Pascual Vivas has the double role of Everyman and the Paschal Lamb.[6]

Voltaire summarizes the play as follows:

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[4] *Œuvres complètes*, ed. Moland (Paris, 1877-85), XVII, 397.

[5] *Ibid.*, XXXI, 204, 481; XXIII, 107; VII, 537. It seems certain that Voltaire knew Spanish fairly well. In a letter to Mayáns y Siscar he excuses himself for not writing in Spanish "quoique je l'aie appris pour vous plaire" (Moland, XLII, 136), and it incidentally appears from the same letter that he had read Mayáns' life of Cervantes "avec grande attention." To Cideville Voltaire writes that, in order to do his translation from Calderón, "Il a fallu me remettre à l'espagnol que j'avais presque oublié: cela m'a coûté quelques peines mais je vous assure que j'en ai été bien payé" (Moland, XLII, 117).

[6] See the introduction to Angel Valbuena Prat's edition of Calderón's *Autos sacramentales* (Zaragoza, n. d.). Cf. also this description of the Conde:

> "haciendo el nombre anagrama
> pues con mudarle una letra
> el que dice García dice
> Gracia..."
>
> (*Devoción*, lines 285-288)

See also lines 320-326, and especially 1641-1644.

Les acteurs sont un roi de Cordoue mahométan, un ange chrétien, une fille de joie, deux soldats bouffons et le diable. L'un de ces deux bouffons est un nommé Pascal Vivas, amoureux d'Aminte. Il a pour rival Lélio, soldat mahométan.

Le diable et Lélio veulent tuer Vivas et croient en avoir bon marché, parce qu'il est en péché mortel; mais Pascal prend le parti de faire dire une messe sur le théâtre, et de la servir. Le diable perd alors toute sa puissance sur lui.

Pendant la messe la bataille se donne, et le diable est tout étonné de voir Pascal au milieu du combat dans le même temps qu'il sert à la messe. "Oh! Oh! dit-il, je sais bien qu'un corps ne peut se trouver en deux endroits à la fois, excepté dans le sacrement, auquel ce drôle a tant de dévotion."[7] Mais le diable ne savait pas que l'ange chrétien avait pris la figure du bon Pascal Vivas, et qu'il avait combattu pour lui pendant l'office divin.

Le roi de Cordoue est battu, comme on peut bien le croire; Pascal épouse sa vivandière, et la pièce finit par l'éloge de la messe.[8]

One is at once struck by the fact that Voltaire entirely omits the allegory. He apparently saw in Pascual not Everyman nor the Paschal Lamb, but only a clown. Similarly, he avoids all mention of the Count as Grace and leaves out entirely the character called Secta de Mahoma. He does not object to the play as a religious argument. His objections are basically aesthetic. He mocks the play's lack of decorum. From the neoclassical point of view it is sheer madness to lump together captains and kings, angels and camp followers, devils and clowns. Voltaire criticized the English stage for exactly the same shortcomings he finds in this *auto*.[9] And he once made the same objection to a play by Lope, in which most of the characters are disguised, the son of the King of Navarre appears in a peasant's rags, and some of the action takes place at an inn.[10]

Another reason for Voltaire's passing over the allegorical aspects of the *auto* may be that there is little allegory in the French classical theater

[7] DEMONIO: "Ay de mi! que bien conozco
que no es posible que un cuerpo
en dos lugares exista,
si no es en el Sacramento
de quien él es tan devoto
y así han querido los cielos
con señas suyas premiar
su devoción y su afecto."
(*Devoción*, lines 1605-1612)

Voltaire has changed the tone of the passage by adding "ce drôle" and by omitting the last three lines.

[8] Moland, XVII, 395.

[9] *Ibid.*, XVII, 397. Cf.: "[Voltaire] stellt Calderón Shakespeare an die Seite, er kann sie beide nicht lieben, muß sie aber bewundern. Was er bewundert, ist nie die Form, sondern der Inhalt, denn dieser Inhalt ist, wie Voltaire einmal sagt, immer wahr, und das Wahre steigert sich mitunter zum Erhabenen." Eduard von Jan, "Voltaire und Lessing," in *Mélanges Baldensperger* (Paris, 1930), I, 370.

[10] Moland, XXIV, 216-217.

or indeed in French classical literature, if we except an occasional epic and the dreary conventions of the Carte du Tendre. Allegory is essentially a mediaeval trope, and Voltaire felt that literature, in France at least, had risen above the crudities of the Gothic age. From the neoclassical point of view, the best that can be said for allegory is that it is barbarous and an offense to good taste. In the eighteenth century it could no longer be considered a proper literary device; Voltaire ignored it. Similarly, in his translation of *En esta vida* he also leaves out the speeches of the *graciosos* because these clowns are an offense to the dignity of the dramatic art—even though his avowed intention is to show that the Spanish play provided merely the raw material for Corneille's more proper drama.

Though he was out of sympathy with it, Voltaire saw clearly what Calderón was trying to do. Consider the comparison he makes between Calderón and Aeschylus:

> Peut-être quelques-unes de ces pièces barbares ne s'éloignent-elles pas beaucoup de celles d'Eschyle, dans lesquelles la religion des Grecs était jouée, comme la religion chrétienne le fut en France et en Espagne.
>
> Qu'est-ce en effet que Vulcain enchaînant Prométhée sur un rocher, par ordre de Jupiter? qu'est-ce que la Force et la Vaillance, qui servent de garçons bourreaux à Vulcain, sinon un *auto sacramentale* [*sic*] grec? Si Calderón a introduit tant de diables sur le théâtre de Madrid, Eschyle n'a-t-il pas mis des furies sur le théâtre d'Athènes? Si Pascal Vivas sert la messe, ne voit-on pas une vieille pythonisse qui fait toutes ses cérémonies sacrées dans la tragédie des Euménides? La ressemblance me paraît assez grande.[11]

This remark shows some understanding of the ritual aspects of Greek tragedy as well as of the *auto*. However, it is clear from the context of the argument that Voltaire associates Aeschylus with Calderón and the mediaeval French drama because all three seem to him primitive. The sense of decorum of a more refined age would keep the ceremonies of religion apart from a lay art like the drama.

When a Spanish play and a French play have the same subject, Voltaire always assumes that the Spanish play was the original. He sees Corneille and Molière borrowing from Spain but it does not seem possible to him that Calderón or Diamante might borrow from a French play and adapt it to suit Spanish taste. Apparently he felt that this would be a reversal of the law of progress. Thus he writes of *En esta vida* and *Héraclius*: "Il est bien naturel que Corneille ait tiré un peu d'or du fumier de Caldéron; mais il ne l'est pas que Caldéron ait déterré l'or de Corneille pour le changer en fumier."[12] It was precisely to demon-

[11] *Ibid.*, XVII, 396.

[12] *Ibid.*, VII, 536. Diamante imitated Corneille's *Cid* in his *El honrador de su*

strate this point that he undertook to translate (and abridge) Calderón's *En esta vida todo es verdad y todo mentira.* This play has the same subject as Corneille's *Héraclius*; Voltaire thought that a comparison of the two would clearly show that Corneille's was the later, refined, and civilized version.

Voltaire's translation, like the version he had made in French of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, consistently abridges the original text, and, although usually faithful to the general sense, completely changes the tone of the original. Sometimes the translation, by what it leaves out, may be considered a tacit criticism of Calderón's involved and ornate style. Consider Voltaire's version of a spring song spoken by Leonido:

CALDERÓN	VOLTAIRE
Pero ¿que mucho, si habiendo Tantas veces oido en esta Soledad la dulce salva Con que la aurora despierta, Cuando en la edad más florida De la hermosa primavera, Con más suavidad las auras Y los cristales concuerdan Cláusulas, a cuyo blando Compás, con arpadas lenguas Las aves la bienvenida Dan a rosas y azucenas, Risa a risa, llanto a llanto, Flor a flor, y perla a perla; Nunca en su métrico canto Oí música que suspenda Tanto como esta, que hoy Con la ventaja que lleva Lo sentido a lo trinado, Se entiende sin que se entienda?[13]	Quand, dans le beau printemps les doux zéphyrs et le bruit des ruisseaux s'accordent ensemble, et que les gosiers harmonieux des oiseaux chantent la bienvenue des roses et des œillets, leur musique n'approche pas de celle que je viens d'entendre.[14]

Voltaire ignores the changes of scene, if possible. He cannot leave out the palace raised in the midst of the forest by Lisipo's spells because it is important to the action, but he can and does ignore the stage direc-

padre, although Voltaire supposed the influence to be in the opposite direction (Moland, XXXI, 204 and 481). Modern critical opinion appears uncertain on the question of the source of *Héraclius*. Carlos Castillo, *MP*, XX (1923), 391-401, "Acerca de la fecha y fuentes de *En la vida todo es verdad y todo mentira*," inclines to think Corneille's play the original. Harry Warren Hillborn, *A Chronology of the Plays of D. Pedro Calderón de la Barca* (Toronto, 1938), p. 51, reserves judgment but leans to the belief that *En esta vida* is later than *Héraclius*.

[13] *Teatro escogido de Don Pedro Calderón de la Barca* (Leipzig, 1877), III, 258-259.

[14] Moland, VII, 497.

tions at the beginning of each act. He concentrates his attention upon what seemed to him the essential—the plot structure and the style. Plot, he thought, had to be rigorously logical and style lofty and poetic in any serious drama. Calderón's plots he could never approve, and the Spaniard's style suits Voltaire's taste only occasionally. When he comes upon a passage he approves he is unstinting in his praise. Thus he admired the fine Cornelian ring of the answers Heraclio returns to Focas:

HÉRACLIUS
Parce que c'est moi qui suis Héraclius.
PHOCAS
En es-tu sûr?
HÉRACLIUS
Oui.
PHOCAS
Qui te l'a dit?
HÉRACLIUS
Ma valeur.[15]

He translates this whole scene accurately and in full, adding a note to the text: "On voit que, dans cet amas d'aventures et d'idées romanesques, il y a de temps en temps des traits admirables. Si tout ressemblait à ce morceau la pièce serait au-dessus de nos meilleures."

Similarly Voltaire admired the scene of Federico's arrival (III, 14), characteristically wishing, however, that it had more *vraisemblance* and *convenance*. But his patience, never very sustained, ran out before Calderón's long-winded play came to an end. In the second and third *jornadas* the abridgment becomes drastic. Thus Voltaire writes "Phocas dit enfin au bonhomme Astolphe . . . "[16] and the *enfin* refers to about two hundred lines which he does not even summarize. Similarly twelve lines in Voltaire's version do duty for eleven scenes and some four hundred lines of the Spanish text.[17]

Voltaire, it seems to me, is usually right in his judgments of *La devoción de la misa* and *En esta vida*. The plays are not Calderón's masterpieces. The modern reader must agree that *La devoción de la misa* is grotesque, awkward, of dubious orthodoxy, and completely unpoetic, and that *En esta vida* suffers from excessive verbosity, some of it inco-

[15] *Ibid.*, pp. 503-504.

[16] *Ibid.*, p. 508.

[17] *Ibid.*, p. 509. Voltaire is not alone in his impatience. Menéndez y Pelayo writes of *En esta vida*: " . . . sobre todo en sus dos últimos actos no es sino una comedia de magia, en lo que la tésis está completamente subordinada a lo sobrenatural, a lo maravilloso, y lo que es peor, a la maquinaria y a la tramoya." *Calderón y su teatro* (Madrid, 1884), p. 231. He adds: " . . . cuando en nuestros días se ha querido representarla, ha sido preciso refundir completamente este tercer acto, y escribir otro de pura invención de los refundidores" (p. 238).

herent, as Voltaire points out (see his remarks about the death of Phocas, Moland, VII, 532). Calderón's verse in these plays often impresses the modern reader as conventional and flat.

Voltaire's criticisms are the result of an almost disinterested application of neoclassical criteria. He thought *Héraclius* a better play than *En esta vida* because he was sure that any play written in conformity with the rules must be better than one which was not. This is, after all, an aesthetic judgment. Voltaire saw equally well that *Héraclius* was not a very good play and regretted that better things had not been done with what he considered to be Calderón's *trouvaille*;[18] he was as merciless in reprimanding the faults of a Frenchman whom he admired as he was in pillorying a Spaniard of whom he was contemptuous.

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[18] Moland, XXXII, 29-30.

ANTE KADIĆ

Marin Držić, Croatian Renaissance Playwright

DURING the early sixteenth century there appeared on the eastern shore of the Adriatic a flourishing Renaissance literature in the Croatian language. Almost all the noteworthy Croatian men of letters were poets. Marin Držić (c. 1508-67), from Dubrovnik (Ragusa), started by writing poems, but in his slender and mediocre Petrarchan canzoniere (27 poems) he followed strictly in the footsteps of Šiško Menčetić (1457-1527) and of his uncle Đore Držić (1461-1501).[1] Marin Držić was primarily a playwright, and as such he deserves a high place in Yugoslav literature; together with Marko Marulić (1450-1524) and Ivan Gundulić (1589-1638), he may be considered among the greatest Croatian writers of the Renaissance.[2]

When Držić's complete works were published for the first time, in 1875 in the collection, Stari pisci hrvatski (Older Croatian Writers), very little was known about his life.[3] The first scholar to explore the Dubrovnik archives for biographical data was Constantin Jireček, in

[1] See Josip Torbarina, *Italian Influence on the Poets of the Ragusan Republic* (London, 1931), pp. 138-139; Arturo Cronia, "II petrarchismo nel Cinquecento serbo-croato," *Studi Petrarcheschi*, I (1948), 242-245 ("Ben poco resta, comunque, di suo, di sentito e di spontaneo nel Darsa"); Pavle Popović, "Akrostih u Marina Držića," *Prilozi*, XIX (1940), 150.

[2] See Mihovil Kombol, *Poviest hrvatske književnosti do preporoda* (Zagreb, 1945), pp. 141-155, and *Hrvatska Enciklopedija* (Zagreb, 1945), s.v. Držić; Milos Savković, *Ogledi* (Belgrade, 1952), pp. 7-63; Wilhelm Creizenach, *Geschichte des neueren Dramas*, II (Halle, 1918), 479-490; Franjo Trograncić, *Storia della letteratura croata* (Rome, 1953), pp. 88-108, 350-351; Eli Finci, "Marin Držić," *Yugoslavia*, No. 1 (Autumn 1949), pp. 101-103.

[3] The information then available about Držić's life was summarized by the first editor of his works, Franjo Petračić, on a single page (p. v).

1899.[4] Jireček was followed by several well-known Yugoslav scholars, such as Milan Rešetar, Petar Skok, Pavle Popović, Petar Kolendić, Jorjo Tadić, Dragoljub Pavlović, and the Frenchman Jean Dayre.[5] Through their various and scattered contributions we know today many interesting details of the life of Držić, who, although a Catholic priest, was successively a servant and dragoman, an organist in the Dubrovnik cathedral, a clerk at a saltworks, vice-rector of the University of Siena, and finally a political conspirator. Držić may not have been an exemplary priest; but before the Council of Trent the general situation among the lower Catholic clergy in Dubrovnik was a rather dubious one from a moral point of view. Though Držić may have been obliged to take employment at a saltworks and to perform many other humiliating duties, he was actually better off than the mass of the Dubrovnik clergy.[6]

Though scholars have ransacked the Ragusan archives in search of details of Držić's biography and his financial difficulties,[7] few have followed him in his prolonged sojourns in Italy. In 1930 Professor Skok proved beyond doubt that Držić was the rector of a fraternity house (Domus sapientiae—a kind of international house) in Siena for

[4] C. Jireček, "Beiträge zur ragusanischen Literaturgeschichte," *Archiv für slavische Philologie*, XXI (1899), 339-542 (esp. pp. 454-457, 481-494); also Nestor Petrovskij, "O genealogiji Držića," *Rad*, CXLVIII (1902), 227-230.

[5] Milan Rešetar, in the introduction to the complete works of Marin Držić, *Djela Marina Držića*, 2nd ed. (Zagreb, 1930), pp. i-cxlvii; "Jezik Marina Držića," *Rad*, CCXLVIII (1933), 99-238; and "Prilog biografiji Marina Držića," *Prilozi*, X (1930), 219-221; Petar Skok, "Držićev Plakir," *Razprave*, V-VI (Ljubljana, 1930), 1-41; Peter Kolendić, "Premijera Držićeva Dunda Maroja," *Glas*, CCI (Belgrade, 1951), 49-65, and "Jedan nepoznati kontrast Marina Držića," *Zbornik filozofskog fakulteta*, II (Belgrade, 1952), 1-16; Pavle Popović, "Marin Držić i Molier," *Iz knjizevnosti* (Belgrade, 1906), pp. 62-111, "Komedije Marina Držića," *Srpski Književni Glasnik*, June 1, 1929, pp. 196-206, "Arhivske vesti o Marinu Držiću," *Rešetarov Zbornik* (Dubrovnik, 1931), pp. 261-263, and "Jedna pastorala Marina Držića," *Godišnjica Nikole Čupića*, XLIV (1935), 219-233; Jorjo Tadić, *Dubrovački portreti*, I (Belgrade, 1948), 91-125; Dragoljub Pavlović, "Novi podaci za biografiju Marina Držića," *Zbornik radova, X. Institut za proučavanje književnosti* (Belgrade, 1931), pp. 97-107; *Iz književne i kulturne istorije Dubrovnika* (Sarajevo, 1955), pp. 7-29, and "Marin Držić," introduction to *Marina Držića komedije*, ed. Srpska književna zadruga (Belgrade, 1937); Jean Dayre, "Marin Držić conspirant à Florence," *Revue des Études slaves*, X (1930), 76-80, and "Marin Držić, urotnik u Firenci," *Dubrovačke studije* (Zagreb, 1938), pp. 19-23.

[6] See Aug. Theiner, *Vetera monumenta Slavorum meridionalium historiam illustrantia*, II (Zabreb, 1875), 330-336 (Visitator apostolicus exponit statum reipublicae ragusinae rationemque reformationis: "Il clero ha molti preti di mala vita, per il più ignoranti, concubinari o al men con donne suspetosissime in casa, poverissimi per il più servono alli nobili nelle cose profane e vile..."); Tomo Matić, "Vjera i crkva," *Rad*, CCXXXI (1925), 250-283.

[7] Rešetar, *Stari pisci hrvatski*, VII, lxi-lxvi; Tadić, *Dubrovački portreti*, pp. 101-111.

one year (1541) and by the same token a vice-rector of the University of Siena ("rector Sapientiae et vicerector Universitatis studii senensis"). During this year he was often in conflict with the student body and with the administrative authorities.[8] After spending probably seven years in Siena, Držić returned home, but without securing a degree in canon law. What was he doing in these years? Did he travel through Italy, did he at least visit Florence? We know absolutely nothing, except that during his rectorship he attended the presentation of a forbidden play and was fined by the police authorities.[9] Siena was then an important cultural center. How much Držić benefited from his contact with this highly sophisticated environment, whether his works show any similarity to famous Sienese pastoral plays (e.g., *Gl'ingannati*[10])—these and similar problems have not yet, so far as I know, been seriously considered.

In 1930 the late Professor Dayre discovered in Florence four letters which Marin Držić wrote in 1566 to Cosimo I de' Medici, seeking the duke's support for the overthrow of the aristocratic government in Dubrovnik. In these letters Držić refers to an extensive sketch of Dubrovnik, which has not yet been found.[11] How did Držić come to this idea of addressing himself to a man like Cosimo I? Jorjo Tadić believes that the writer of these letters (which remained unanswered) was no longer in full possession of his intellectual faculties; the handwriting seems that of a man who has suffered a complete nervous breakdown.[12] Milan Rešetar suspects that, always short of money, he was perhaps ready to betray his native country.[13] But Jean Dayre cautiously asks whether this desperate move was not after all the logical step for Držić to take in view of the depravity and stupidity of the Dubrovnik patricians.[14]

The discovery of the letters to Cosimo has had an important effect on recent Držić criticism in Yugoslavia. Some critics see in Držić a great fighter for the equality of all men. A deep admiration is shown by

[8] Petar Skok, "Držićev Plakir," *Razprave*, V-VI, 1-41; Rešetar, *Stari pisci*, pp. l-lxi.

[9] Skok, "Držićev Plakir," pp. 39-41.

[10] *Gl'ingannati* had profound influence abroad. Ireneo Sanesi, *La commedia*, I (2nd ed., Milan, 1954), 386-390, 431-432; 803, 810-811; Mario Apollonio, *Storia del teatro italiano*, II (Florence, 1951), 158-163.

[11] "Marin Držić conspirant à Florence," *Revue des Études slaves*, X, 76-80.

[12] *Dubrovački portreti*, pp. 124-125.

[13] *Stari pisci hrvatski*, p. lxxiv.

[14] "Et, si l'on se rappelle,—lui ne l'a pas oublié—, qu'il jouait sa tête avec tant de simplicité et de confiance naïve, il parvient à rester sympathique." *Revue des Études slaves*, X, 30; *Dubrovačke studije*, pp. 22-23.

the renowned iconoclast Miroslav Krleža,[15] eulogies and comparisons with Shakespeare, Molière, and Goldoni by Milan Bogdanović, Eli Finci, and Jakša Ravlić have appeared,[16] and Živko Jeličić has published a pamphlet on *Marin Držić or the Poet of the Dubrovnik Underdogs*.[17] Držić's comedies are now performed everywhere in Yugoslavia and are included in the Dubrovnik summer festivals.[18] The Yugoslav government asked the émigré sculptor Ivan Meštrović to make a statue of Držić. But, when the statue finally reached Dubrovnik, the authorities did not know what to do with it; Držić was shown in sacerdotal attire! The government was faced with the problem of convincing the masses that Držić, a Catholic priest, a member of that "ruthless organization" usually identified with "the deeds of the Inquisition," had communism in mind when he wrote in the preface to his best comedy, *Dundo Maroje* (Uncle Maroje), of the land of the future where "mine and thine are unknown for all belongs to all, and each is master of all."[19] But, even in Yugoslavia, some critics laugh at this interpretation of a commonplace found everywhere throughout the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.[20]

Držić spent his last years (1562-67) in Venice, as a chaplain in the service of the archbishop. His brother Vlaho, married to a Venetian girl, lived in Venice for many years and became friendly with Pietro Aretino.[21] Marin Držić kept in close contact with his brother and many of his countrymen who were successful Venetian businessmen. How often he returned to Dubrovnik we do not know. It is only a surmise that he conspired even in Venice against the government of his native city. Yugoslavs have thus far neglected this important period in Držić's biography; it is surprising that even the best student of Držić, Milan

[15] In an article "O našem dramskom repertoiru," *Hrvatska književna kritika*, VI (Zagreb, 1953), 233-239.

[16] Milan Bogdanović, *Stari i novi*, IV (Belgrade, 1952), 185; Eli Finci, in the introduction to *Dundo Maroje* (Belgrade, 1951), p. 9, and in *Yugoslavia*, Autumn 1949, p. 101 ("The creator of comedies bearing the sonorous Molière touch before Molière, the Shakespeare touch before Shakespeare..."); Jakša Ravlić, "Marin Držić: Skup, Plakir," in *Hrvatsko Kolo* (1948), pp. 561-570.

[17] *Marin Držić pjesnik dubrovačke sirotinje* (Zagreb, 1950); also in *Hrvatsko Kolo*, Nos. 2-3 (1949), pp. 312-343.

[18] See *Dubrovački Festival, 1950* (Zagreb, 1950). This informative booklet also has an English summary of *Dundo Maroje* (Uncle Maroje) and *Skup* (The Miser), pp. 165-168, 178-180.

[19] Milan Bogdanović, *Stari i novi*, IV, 188. Eli Finci, in *Yugoslavia*, Autumn 1949, p. 103 ("He was expressly progressive and democratic..."); "Marin Držić: Dundo Maroje," *Književnost*, Nos. 7-8 (1949), pp. 112-117; "Sudbina Marina Držića," *Brazda*, Nos. 7-8 (1950), pp. 524-528; *Više i manje od života* (Belgrade, 1955), pp. 21-30.

[20] See Dragoljub Pavlović, *Iz književne i kulturne istorije Dubrovnika*, p. 18.

[21] Torbarina, *Italian Influence*, pp. 33-34.

Rešetar, took no more trouble than to record in a footnote that the administration of the Venetian National Archives informed him that the necrologies of the church in which Držić was buried have not been preserved.[22] Professor Pavlović believes that the ecclesiastical archives of Venice should be searched with the same care as those of Dubrovnik.[23]

If Držić's life remains to be further elucidated, what is to be said about his works? Since Wilhelm Creizenach devoted an illuminating essay to Držić,[24] in which he noted that themes treated by Držić were later used by Shakespeare and Molière, the Yugoslavs never forget to mention this fact. (Pavle Popović had pointed out in 1906[25] that Molière in three of his plays, *L'Avare, George Dandin,* and *Mariage forcé,* used the same plot as Držić.) The Yugoslavs usually stop there. Unfortunately, the Dalmatian playwright does not gain from the comparison.[26] Because Creizenach made some ambiguous statements about Držić's *Plakir* (Pleasure),[27] every Yugoslav, parroting Creizenach, assumes that there was a real similarity between Držić's *Plakir* and Shakespeare's *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.* Many critics believe that Shakespeare in writing this play used an unknown Italian source. Did Držić use the same source? The problem should be thoroughly investigated; perhaps an Italian original could be discovered. In one of his incomplete comedies, *Pjerin,* Držić borrowed mostly from Plautus' *Menaechmi.*[28] Shakespeare did the same in writing *The Comedy of Errors.* Unfortunately, Držić's work is preserved only in excerpts and so no substantial comparison is possible.

Italian scholars, who are accustomed to look upon the Yugoslavs with a faintly supercilious air,[29] overemphasize the fact that Držić studied in Siena, that he there became acquainted with the Italian

[22] *Djela Marina Držića,* VII (1930), p. lxvi, note 2.

[23] *Iz književne i kulturne istorije Dubrovnika,* p. 29.

[24] In *Geschichte des neueren Drama,* II (1918), 479-490.

[25] *Iz književnosti* (1906), pp. 62-111; cf. also Tomo Matić, "Molièrove komedije u Dubrovniku," *Rad,* CLXVI (1906), 131-134.

[26] Mihovil Kombol, in *Dubrovački Festival,* 1950, p. 114.

[27] "Jedenfalls ist dies eines der anziehendsten Werke der phantastisch-realistischen Mischgattung, die später in Shakespeares Sommernachtstraum ihr unerreichbares Musterbild fand." *Geschichte des neueren Dramas,* II. 486.

[28] Pero Budmani, "'Pjerin' Marina Držić," *Rad,* CXCVIII (1902), 51-80; Danilo Živaljević, in many articles published in *Kolo* (Belgrade, 1901-03).

[29] "Se si prescinde dal suo aspetto linguistico, nulla vi ha nella civiltà letteraria di Dalmazia tra il Rinascimento e il secolo XIX che non faccia parte, direttamente o indirettamente, della cultura italiana: indipendentemente della lingua, si riscontrano, di qua e di là dall'Adriatico, le stesse tendenze e gli stessi generi letterari, ed è impossibile citare una sola opera croata che non debba nulla alla cultura italiana e sia tutta racchiusa entro spiriti e forme slave." Giovanni Maver, "La letteratura croata in rapporto alla letteratura italiana," in *Italia e Croazia* (Rome, 1942), p. 481.

comedies of the Cinquecento, and was influenced in some of his plays by Boccaccio, Ariosto, and other Italian writers.[30] From these premises they readily jump to the false conclusion that Držić was a mere adaptor of Italian comedies in Croatian. This view is so common in Italy that even a scholar like Arturo Cronia, in his recently published survey of Serbo-Croatian literature, writes of Držić: "Scarsa la originalità, ché quasi tutto, dalla tipologia alla fraseologia, è desunto dall'italiano ... L'arte o l'abilità sua è stata sopra tutto quella di aver saputo dare vernice, tono e colore locali a commedie di svariata provenienza italiana."[31] A thorough examination of all the texts involved and a broad literary and aesthetic analysis should be made in order properly to evaluate the originality of Držić.

Držić started to write pastoral plays and comedies almost immediately on his return home from Siena. An important question naturally comes to mind: Which Italian comedies especially impressed Držić during his sojourn in Siena? Besides the *Calandria* (which was printed there in 1521), the best Sienese play is certainly *Gl'ingannati*.[32]

Professor Cronia has suggested that an imitation of *Gl'ingannati* III, ii is to be found in the episode of the three taverns (*Dundo Maroje*, I, i).[33] However, in the Sienese play the main emphasis is on the quarrel between the two innkeepers, while in *Dundo Maroje* all interest is concentrated on the names of the three taverns (Miseria, Schiocchezza, Grassezza). It is natural that a miser like Maroje and a gourmand like his servant Bokčilo would choose a cheap restaurant where, it happens, good food is served; neither, although for different reasons, cares for fancy places. If Stragualcia (in *Gl'ingannati*) shows no interest in "buone camere, buon fuoco, buonissime letta, lenzuola di bocata" (Good rooms, a good fire, the best beds, clean sheets) and gives preference to "più robba" (more food), it is not surprising, since he is a gourmand like Bokčilo and for them stomach takes precedence over taste. I do not mean to say that Držić did not see or read *Gl'ingannati*;

[30] "La poesia drammatica del D. risente l'influsso del teatro comico italiano, della scuola senese in particolare." *Enciclopedia italiana*, XII, s.v. Darsa.

[31] *Letteratura serbo-croata* (Milan, 1956), pp. 57-58. In his article, "Per una retta interpretazione di Marino Darsa," valuable for an almost complete bibliography on Držić up to 1951, Cronia is even more categorical: "Ma anche questo color locale è relativo perché tradisce la tematica e la tipologia del teatro italiano regionale. Cambiate la vernice a tale scena, cambiate il nome a tale personaggio raguseo, cambiate la forma a tale allusione alla società ragusea, e avrete il corrispondente 'italiano.'" *Rivista di letterature moderne*, IV (1953), 203. See also his article, "Aspetti caratteristici dell'Umanesimo in Dalmazia," *Atti dell'Istituto Veneto*, 1954-55 (Venice, 1955), pp. 43-70.

[32] Ireneo Sanesi, *Commedie del Cinquecento*, I (Bari, 1912), 409.

[33] In *Rivista di letterature moderne*, 1953, p. 203.

on the contrary, it seems to me that there are many similarities between Držić's works and *Gl'ingannati*, and an interesting comparative study could be written on the subject.

It seems probable that Držić wrote his *Dundo Maroje* after his return from his pilgrimage to Rome in 1550. Držić knows many details about Rome, and is well informed about certain popular Roman characters.[34] The hero and other Ragusans went to Rome for the pilgrimage during the jubilee year. When Držić went to Rome he most probably took lodgings at the Hospice of St. Jerome (Collegium S. Hieronymi Illyricorum in Urbe), as did the great majority of Croatian pilgrims.[35] It was during this jubilee year, 1550, that Držić was ordained a priest,[36] and we know that every priest was supposed to reside at this national religious hospice. Neither Ivan Kukuljević nor Ivan Črnčić, who almost a century ago published some interesting details from the archives of the Croatian college, mention Držić's name among the pilgrims.[37] Although the archives of this institution are now a "rudis indigestaque moles" (as I know from personal experience), it is to be hoped that one day it will be possible to find Držić's name among those of the pilgrims who came from Dubrovnik in 1550.

In 1890 Professor Šrepel wrote a long study on Držić's *Skup* (The Miser) in which he pointed out the similarities between *Skup* and G. B. Gelli's *La Sporta* and Lorenzino de' Medici's *L'Aridosia*.[38] The Italians quote Šrepel's study and conclude that Držić was successful in adapting these two Italian comedies on Ragusan soil. But, as Vatroslav Jagić has pointed out, *Skup* is partly dependent on Plautus' *Aulularia*. Where he departs from *Aulularia*, Držić has nothing in common with either *La Sporta* or *Aridosia*.[39] Držić (like Molière, "qui

[34] See Petar Kolendić, "Premijera Držićeva 'Dunda Maroja,'" *Glas*, 1951, p. 53.

[35] Mijo Tumpić writes: "Il Papa Paolo III (1534-1549) confermò lo statuto della confraternità che aveva per scopo essenziale quello di aiutare e di assistere i pellegrini ed i profughi poveri della Croazia." "Collegio di S. Girolamo nell'Urbe," in *Croazia Sacra* (Rome, 1953), p. 274. See also Juraj Magjerec, *Hrvatski zavod*, s.v. Jeronima (Rome, 1953), pp. 16-19.

[36] Kolendić, in *Glas*, 1951, p. 53 ("Die 22 maii 1550. Ego praesbyter Marinus Marini de Dersa...") ; Pavle Popović, "Arhivske vesti o Marinu Držiću," *Rešetarov zbornik*, 1931, p. 263.

[37] Ivan Kukuljević, "Ilirski zavod sv. Jerolima u Rimu," *Arkiv za povjestnicu jugoslavensku*, I (1851) ; Ivan Črnčić, "Imena Slovjenin i Ilir u našem gostinjcu u Rimu poslije 1453 godine," *Rad*, LXXIX (1886), 1-70, and in *Starine*, XVIII (1886), 1-164.

[38] "'Skup' Marina Držića prema Plautovoj 'Aululariji,'" *Rad*, XCIX (1890), 185-237.

[39] "Muß ich an der auf dem thatsächlichen Inhalt beruhenden Ansicht festhalten, daß Držić dort, wo er von der Aulularia abweicht, seine eigenen Wege geht und das Plautinische Thema, den Geizhals, ganz unabhängig von Medici oder

prenait son bien où il le trouvait") never blindly followed his sources, which were part of the common patrimony of Renaissance literature.

A born writer of comedy, Držić cultivated a kind of pastoral play into which he introduced—in addition to Arcadian and mythological shepherds, nymphs and satyrs—realistic peasant herdsmen from the surroundings of Dubrovnik, with their characteristic mentality and speech.

Just as Držić adapted his pastoral plays to the Dubrovnik milieu, so in his comedies, no matter how much he resorted to tradition, he always remained independent and original, bringing to the stage characters from the life that surrounded him.[40] Even when he expressly affirms, as in the prologue to *Skup*, that this comedy "is stolen from Plautus," he not only sets the comedy in Dubrovnik but also introduces an entire group of new characters into the plot. The central theme is the genuine love between a young man and a miser's daughter. Držić emphasizes their right to love and condemns mismatched marriages, the canker of commercial society in Dubrovnik in those days.

Držić's comedies give a complete picture of Dubrovnik in the period of its prosperity and depravity. Most of his characters seek pleasure and entertainment; they live and dream only about women, good food, and a life of leisure. Adultery and love intrigues are not considered as sins. To deceive a stupid husband, to replace a poor lover with a rich one or one from a noble family, are signs of adroitness and wisdom. In this respect there is no difference between the clergyman and the layman, the nobleman and the peasant, the rich and the poor, the young and the old.

But Držić was not content to be merely a painter; he wished to be a critic as well. He seems to be asking how these senile, selfish, stingy patricians succeeded in obtaining the right to rule over the common people of the Dubrovnik Republic.

The plots of his plays are interesting but sometimes not well interwoven; most of his characters are there only for the purpose of entertaining the audience. His style is luxuriant and brilliant. His monologues and dialogues are full of wit ("non sine sale et lepore"). He still

Gelli, mit Rucksicht auf die realen Lebensverhältnisse seiner Vaterstadt ausgearbeitet hat." "Die Aululария des Plautus in einer südslavischen Umarbeitung aus der Mitte des XVI. Jahrhunderts," in *Festschrift Johannes Vahlen* (Berlin, 1900), p. 637; translated into Croatian by M. Kombol, *Izabrani kraći spisi Vatroslava Jagića* (Zagreb, 1948), p. 352.

[40] "Il ne copies pas ses modèles, il les adapte, au contraire, afin que ce cadre puisse répondre aux exigences locales de Raguse et c'est ainsi qu'il crée ses pièces originales, des tableaux riches et vivants, chroniques dramatisées de sa ville natale." Mirko Deanović, "Les Influences italiennes sur l'ancienne littérature Yougoslave du littoral adriatique," *RLC*, XIV (1934), 46.

delights audiences with his effervescent humor, skillful dialogue, vivid speech, so well suited to his characters and to their social status, and with his ability to bring these characters to life with only a few words and gestures.

Držić was the first to write good prose in the Croatian language.[41] His plays are effective even today in their portrayal of human weaknesses, and their presentation in the Yugoslav theaters (in adaptations by Marko Fotez) attracts the public no less than the works of the most renowned modern Yugoslav playwrights. The study of his works would yield interesting data on Italian influence in Croatian literature during the Renaissance.

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[41] Milan Rešetar, "Jezik Marina Držića," *Rad*, CCXLVIII (1933), 99-100.

BOOK REVIEWS

Der kosmische Aufbau der Jenseitsreiche Dantes. Ein Schlüssel zur Göttlichen Komödie. By Georg Rabuse. Graz-Köln: Hermann Böhlaus Nachfolger, 1958. 320 p.

This is one of those pretentious and pseudoscientific books which make bold to have discovered new, unique, sensational, decisive truths in the *Divina Commedia*. On close inspection the reader sadly notes that such books have contributed nothing to the better understanding of Dante. On the contrary—ignoring the fact that Dante based his work entirely on the generally accepted knowledge of the High Middle Ages, such commentators always hunt for esoteric sources, mainly Hellenistic, Arabic, Jewish, and Neoplatonic lore. As Hugo Rahner points out, such doctrines led some patristic theologians to confused allegorical thinking and a pondering naïveté, but were of no interest to the enlightened Aristotelian Dante.

Herr Rabuse thinks Dante owes the structural principle of the *Divina Commedia* to some farfetched astrological niceties to be found in Chalcidius' commentary on Plato's *Timaeus* and in Macrobius' commentary on the *Somnium Scipionis* with fantastic metempsychoses of souls, as well as in the later Virgil commentary by Servius and in Firminus Maternus' astrological *mathesis* and *De errore*. His book, with its encyclopaedic secondhand erudition, may not deserve any attention whatsoever; but I shall at least give an idea of what the author's ill-advised industriousness tries to achieve.

At the end of the thirteenth canto of the *Inferno* the Florentine suicide, Jacopo da Sant'Andrea, mentions the earlier patron of Florence, the god Mars. Mars thus mentioned appears to Herr Rabuse a hidden structural principle which has an echo in *Purgatorio*, XVII, where again under the influence of Mars (?), in the sign of the Ram, the vision of people hanged and crucified is reminiscent of that Florentine who had hanged himself and of the bodies of the suicides in *Inferno*, XIII, which after doomsday will be hanged on trees. All this again is reminiscent of the vision of Christ crucified or hanged on the cross in *Paradiso*, XIV, which occurs in the heaven of Mars, in the sign of the Lion.

These more than vague associations are mixed up with a plethora of possible and impossible relations to evoke the impression that Dante created his *Commedia* out of Neoplatonic speculations on Mars. He is supposed to have intertwined three realms of Mars: the Phlegetonta with its "Galgenwald" as *circulus martis Inferni*, as it is called by an anonymous mythographer, the purgatorical realm of "Mavors" destroying human *ira* and *cupiditas* with the beam of love (*sic*, p. 108) from Mars, and the *Paradiso* star implying incarnation, redemption, and resurrection as showing the Cross with Christ in the heart of Mars, the "Cosmocrator" (p. 175). Here the banal and the recherché are equally based on wishful associations: the fruitless trees in *Inferno*, XIII appear contrasted with the apple trees near Eden in *Purgatory*, XVII, the symbolic dark wood of *Inferno*, I, with the "clear valley" (the name of St. Bernard of "Clairvaux," *Paradiso*, XXXI). To

tie in with Neoplatonism, the Empyrean has to be transformed into a sidereal earth of the *aplanés*, in order to create a place for the microcosmos of the soul, from which it may glide and fall into the imperfect realms of the cosmos, to rise from there again *via philosophiae*; for Herr Rabuse considers the meaning of the *Commedia* to be this: "Der als Ich Erzählung geschilderte Aufstieg des Menschen zur höchsten für Sterbliche möglichen Gottverähnlichung durch die Philosophie" (p. 305)—just what Dante demonstrated as impossible with the dismissal of Virgil and his replacement by Beatrice.

The best proof of the shakiness of this "commentary" is the confusion of Dante the wanderer and Dante the poet. Of poetry we do not hear much. Dante is rather considered an *ad hoc* philosopher and a mystic. Rabuse's etymologies are not better than those of Saint Isidore of Seville, to whom references are made. The Old French sources are misinterpreted; words and expressions are not understood (p. 180). One weird supposition is that Dante has not invented anything and, where concrete sources cannot be dragged in, Dante must have found a motif "etwa in Armenbibeln oder ähnlichen Werken" (*sic*!).

One leaves this book as one does its inspirator, Rudolph Palgen's *Dantes Sternglaube* (Heidelberg, 1940), with uneasiness, knowing beforehand that it will not land in the library of any true Dantologist. In irreproachable print and beautiful binding, the book voices the author's unbelievable pretension to be the "Ansatz zum ersten Gesamtkommentar, der Anspruch auf Gültigkeit haben kann" (p. 265) and his conviction that "Dante selbst sanktioniert die saubere Forschung der Historiker unserer Zeit" (p. 287). Difficile est satiram non scribere.

H. H.

NARRATIVE AND DRAMATIC SOURCES OF SHAKESPEARE. By Geoffrey Bullough. New York: Columbia University Press. Vol. I (1957), Early Comedies, Poems, *Romeo and Juliet*. xx, 532 p. Vol. II (1958), Comedies 1597-1603. xiv, 543 p.

Every library will require these volumes, and more than one copy, for they will be in constant demand. Whether every scholar will want to have them on his private shelves is a little less certain; but the scholar who owns them will find himself often stretching out his hand to test a thought, and in browsing over them he will come again and again on suggestive points. The volumes are the first two of five assembling "what the editor believes to be the chief narrative and dramatic sources and analogues of Shakespeare's plays and poems so as to assist the reader who, not being a specialist, wishes to explore the working of Shakespeare's mind."

In the case of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for example, Professor Bullough prints: Book II, Chapter 12, from Sir Thomas Elyot's *Governour*, the history of Titus and Gisippus; the comparable episode of Euphues and Philautus from Lyly's *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*; nearly thirty pages from Montemayor's *Diana* in Bartholomew Yonge's translation; excerpts from Book II, Chapter 22 of Sidney's *Arcadia*; brief excerpts in translation from Flaminio Scala's *Flavio Tradito*; and six pages of Georgina Archer's translation of the *Tragœdia von Julio und Hyppolita*. He classifies Montemayor as the "source," the *Governour* as a "possible source," and the other four selections as "analogues."

For *Much Ado about Nothing* he prints Book V of *Orlando Furioso* in Haring-

ton's translation; Book II, Canto IV, stanzas 16-38 of *The Faerie Queene*; Bandello's tale of Timbreo and Fenicia (for which he makes his own translation); and three scenes from M.A.'s *Fedele and Fortunio* of 1585. He classifies the first three as "probable sources" and the fourth as an "analogue."

As these instances may show, there are difficulties in Professor Bullough's design; and he candidly acknowledges the difficulties in his preface and promises to examine the fundamental issues in his fifth volume. The comparatist would wish in particular that, in defiance of the limitations of space, he could have published the foreign selections in the original language as well as in relevant English translations. Of course, if we stand on a conviction that Shakespeare did not read foreign languages, except for a very few favorite Latin works, we shall not regard this as necessary. But Professor Bullough is not of this conviction. He leans a long way in the other direction, and would credit Shakespeare with more than a little Latin and a good smack of the neighboring tongues, specifically French, Italian, and Spanish. We may hesitate, however surprised we may be at these claims, to challenge them against Professor Bullough's expertise, but we may surely protest that, thinking as he does, he should have given us the originals so that we might have the opportunity to mend our doubts. Translations cannot settle the matter. If Shakespeare met some of the materials of his plays in foreign texts, there are likely to be traces, obvious or very subtle and delicate, of the vocabulary, the idiom, the manners, and the music of the original in his English. Every language that a poet knows tends to modify his style, especially at the moment when he turns from speaking or reading it. Had Professor Bullough put the Valencia or the Lisbon pages of the *Diana Enamorada* in front of us, we could seek in *Two Gentlemen* the tokens of the interaction of language upon language. Again, since there is a better than even chance that Shakespeare, if he did read continental languages, read French before Spanish, we would like to look at the corresponding passages of Nicolas Collin's French version of Montemayor.

The question of Shakespeare's linguistic versatility as a reader is bound up with another equally debatable question: how much reading he did in his busiest years; how much he could possibly do in a life engrossed with the theatrical adventure in all its departments, extratheatrical business speculations and peculations, and sporting diversions with hawk and hound and of course horn. Calling to mind some of his contemporaries, we may say that the Elizabethans were energetic enough, burning themselves out urgently because they would be old by forty, to read amply as well as to live amply. Ben Jonson, book collector and friend of book collectors, found time to gorge on the world's authors. But Jonson's life ran like Shakespeare's no more than his talent. Might he not have written more animatedly with a sparer diet of books? Would he had disgorged a thousand! If he had bent himself to commerce, he might at least, like Shakespeare, have acquired a pleasant property and retired there to die of well-being and the surprise of the heartache of family problems amid well-being.

However, as a counterpoise to an earlier view, which Ezra Pound was still repeating in the 1920s, that Shakespeare relied for his thoughts and theater on less than half a dozen books, it may be salutary to contemplate the alternative possibility, which is implicit in Bullough and in much parallel research, that his reading ranged widely. Yet, if his reading was more considerable than criticism once allowed, it most probably took the form, as recent editors have indicated, of obligatory professional scrutiny of plays old and new on behalf of his company—old

plays into which he delved for potential revivals or salvageable plots; new plays offered by hopeful authors, some accepted, many rejected, and those rejected pillaged of a story, a trick, a phrase. When an apparently strong connection has been established between a printed page and a Shakespeare play, it does not always and necessarily follow that Shakespeare had read the page. Its contents may have come to him by an intermediary, another playwright.

Or the intermediary may have been a storyteller. Elizabethan society was semi-Oriental. At the level of mores this is clear. A code of conduct more comprehensible to the Near East than to us is the moral backset to much of the action in Shakespeare. If critics kept this in mind, they would not misconstrue, as the very best of them occasionally have, such an incident as Lancaster's seizure of the rebel leaders—with whom he had drunk and so had pledged the truce and their safety. His perfidious cunning would horrify an Arab or an Elizabethan.

And, as there was an Oriental complexion in Elizabethan thinking, so there were Oriental features in Elizabethan work and leisure. One was the practice of storytelling, of the tale that holds children from play and old men from the chimney corner and tavern tipplers from home till dangerous midnight. In 1600 much imaginative experience still came from storytelling, much information from table talk. I strongly suspect that Shakespeare picked up his Gentili and "the law of nature and of nations" magpie fashion while he soused with lawyers; and similarly I suspect that he gathered some of his plots from the spoken rather than the printed tale. By way of corollary I would add that almost more rewarding at this moment than the study of his adaptation of sources is the study of the folk story in his drama, which is at once a world beyond folk story and yet still contains and lives with the folk story. Nosworthy in his Arden edition of *Cymbeline* shows brilliantly how the play is an experiment in the stage management of the fairy tale. But this was not Shakespeare's first experiment; we have all sensed abundant fairy-tale elements in earlier plays. The sequence in *All's Well that Ends Well* where Helen tests each young ward before she chooses Bertram is dramatic dalliance, but it is also fairy-tale dalliance, the storyteller's art of suspense and symmetry.

It is not wholly clear to me whether, when Professor Bullough calls a passage a "source," he always means that Shakespeare drew his material for a situation or a scene directly from that passage. If he does always mean that, I am obliged, because of the possibility of an intermediary playwright, or an intermediary talker, or the intermediary of an idea current "in the air," to think that he is sometimes wrong. Is Elyot's digression from the *Governour* into the wonderful history of Titus and Gisippus really a "possible source" for a scene, in *Two Gentlemen* or any contemporary work, in which a young man proves his ideal friendship by sacrificing his bride? Is it to be classified as more than an "analogue," the fitting label which Professor Bullough gives to Lyly's idyll? Bullough writes: "The generous act of Gisippus in resigning his bride to the friend who had fallen in love with her may account for what, like the swooning Julia, I take to be Valentine's Quixotic generosity..." That verb "account for" strikes me as rash. It may be that the lost precursor play had a sentimental passage about the sacrifice, and that Shakespeare kept it though he cut it short; of such a play, if we found it, we could use the beguiling verb. But it is supererogatory to bespeak a literary source for Valentine's largesse. We know that Shakespeare was using a male convention of the century and earlier—one honored now and then in the observance, and

possibly in his own experience, if some biographer-analysts of the *Sonnets* are right.

To imagine Shakespeare rising from the *Governour* of sixty years back with a cry of "Eureka!" is absurd; the honeyed nonsense was all around him, especially in the circles of courtly bloods and fops into which it pleased his snobbery, early in the 1590s before he learned sadder and better, to *arrive*. Indeed the brevity of the passage in the last act of *Two Gentlemen* may conceivably be "accounted for" by the familiarity of the gambit, perhaps also by Shakespeare's feeling that the convention was decaying a little, becoming old hat, not quite modish enough to merit expatiation; he could assume that everyone understood the point thoroughly and too thoroughly. The most that the *Governour* could have done was to stimulate him to use the well-known gesture. Sometimes the word "source," in Professor Bullough and other scholars, should be "stimulus." But I don't think that the *Governour* was really even a stimulus.

There is a kindred difficulty of nomenclature which may be illustrated by the question of the Russians in *Loves Labors Lost*. Origin hunting is a fine sport when you can start from a conspicuous exotic clue like the Muscovites. The trouble is that the tamest bear of Muscovy anywhere in the late Elizabethan zoo seems a quarry. Allusions ten years away from the date—from any of the several supposed dates—of composition are hailed as pertinent. When we write about the past we suffer shortening of the time sense. We fancy the news of 580 B.C. topical in 540, and the news of A.D. 1582 topical in 1592. But for a dramatist there is no news so dead, therefore so unusable, as ten-year-old news. Yesterday's news is plangent; 150-year-old news may be coming to a new birth as legend. But ten-year-old news is like that rusty mail, that parting guest, whose lack of interest Shakespeare remarks. And it may, which is worse, have associations that dramatist or audience wish to forget. (For this latter reason the dramatist will sometimes use it, that his art may perform its critical admonitory function. But the spectacular Russian antics of *Loves Labors Lost* do not, as far as I can see, fall into this special category.) Professor Bullough's plan requires him to rehearse the various "Muscovite" theories, which he does; but I don't know that it requires him to treat them with respect, as he does. They are not all dependent on far dates, it is true, but they are, at the best, tangential.

"The Russians," Professor Bullough writes, "loved formality of address, and Fletcher got into trouble when he had audience with Ivan I for abridging him of some of his many titles. Queen Elizabeth herself had to apologise in 1591 for the same error, and did so in a delightfully ironic letter. Russian pomposity as well as unskilful courtiership may have been in Shakespeare's mind..."

But would he not have had to make much more of the pomposity and the mania for title, to have scored the point? The letter in *Gesta Grayorum* does make the point. With fifty additional words Shakespeare could have made it unmistakably; but, since he didn't, the assumption must be that he was not interested. Or not for more than the space of a thought. If an allusion to the Gray's Inn revels was in Shakespeare's mind when he wrote or rewrote the scene in the version we read, and if images of Russia flickered in his memory and sorely tempted him as he drafted Moth's inflatory address and the ladies' deflation of it—how wholeheartedly and successfully, nevertheless, he held to his central concern. When all is said, the essence of the scene and the play is the demonstration of the repeated and inevitable triumph of women's instinctive mental agility over male pretensions.

Whether the quartet had been disguised as Russians or Ethiopians, the result would have been the same. (Indeed, by including Armado in his cast, Shakespeare says that men have their different nationalities and varieties of pretension, but women by common wit reduce them to one level of human simplicity.) A source specialist may reasonably argue that the Gray's Inn revels of 1594/5 provided Shakespeare with the stimulus—this is a genuine case of stimulus—for the Russian masking; and he may, and someone sooner or later should, go on to a close mapping of the process of creative transformation as the dramatist combined the incidental with the essential substance of his scene.

Loves Labors Lost is, according to Professor Bullough, "the nearest to a play of ideas that Shakespeare ever wrote, except perhaps *Troilus and Cressida*." Except perhaps *Troilus* and most of his other plays. A consequence of the critical exploration of Shakespeare in this century has been the uncovering of his intellectual curiosity, the wonderful partner to his deftness as a theatrical jobber. He was indolent, would rather not invent when something available would do, would rather not write a new line (though, nagged by dissatisfaction or lifted by sudden insight, he now and then did) where an old one would serve; he was often careless of detail; his libido looked outside the theater, valuing external successes which his plays counsel us not to value, and substituting for each external illusion, as it died in him, a further illusion. But counterpoising all this, which in any case fostered his art, prompting its knowledge and thus its rhythms, were his sense of craft, his curiosity about human beings and his pleasure in meditating on their behavior, his pleasure in playing with their hypotheses about themselves and measuring possible patterns of conduct against each other. A beauty of Professor Bullough's book, despite that exaggerating sentence in favor of *Loves Labors Lost*, is that he helps us to see, better than ever, Shakespeare as a dramatist of ideas. He says admirably that Shakespeare ranged his sources for " 'themes'—not fixed ideas such as make Spenser an allegorist and Ben Jonson a dramatist of humours—but general motifs to be manipulated in the process of re-creation." In his preambles to the plays he constantly illustrates, or at least directs our attention so that we can illustrate to ourselves, the operation of this principle.

Bullough is notably satisfying on *Measure for Measure* when he examines Shakespeare's "daring" departure from his sources in making Isabella a novice. He is excellent on *All's Well*, routing the usual charges of weakness or disorder or depravity. Of late I have been reflecting that it is too easy to be misled by a bad text into adjudicating a play bad, and that *All's Well* is nothing worse than a muddled text, and only in the first two acts, for all is clarified in Act III and the poetry—in Act III, Scene vii, for example—becomes hard and fine. Professor Bullough demonstrates that *All's Well* is an incisive dramatization of ideas; and I would only add that its likeness to *Troilus* and its divergence are not accidents.

Shakespeare, who loved companion pieces, pieces that dovetail because they examine opposing ideas, regarded *Troilus* and *All's Well* as a pair no less than *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*. *Troilus* proclaims that there is not one good woman in ten. In *All's Well* the clown moos that there may be just one good woman in ten—but the play shows that there are more. *All's Well* is the play of good women and debased males. *Troilus* says that lecherous Venus predominates to the exclusion and mockery of Diana; *All's Well* is the play of Diana's knight, of chastity, though not of a hyperbolical chastity but one that countenances the claims of the body in marriage, of the lawful as against the unlawful act.

Among related, indeed auxiliary, details of its organization, *All's Well* presents a secular image of healing which has been slowly growing in Shakespeare and is now mature. When he wrote the early plays he thought of the church as the source of healing; his friars were sometimes herbalists, his wise counselors friars. In *Much Ado* wisdom is still projected in a holy habit. In *All's Well* the secular physician takes precedence. And in this image *All's Well* complements or answers *Troilus*, which is the play of diseases. After *All's Well* the physician remains—in *Macbeth*, *Pericles*, and *Cymbeline*, where he is not overvalued nor endowed with too radiant a promise, which we may say tinges *All's Well* as part of its fairy-tale perfectionism—but a sober figure, offering no more than a man may offer, but as beneficent as a man may sometimes be.

If I have complained that pages of Professor Bullough's volumes should be classified as stimuli rather than sources, let me complete the judgment by praising his whole compilation as a superb stimulus. I would have liked to have written further and at length on the suggestions excited by his discussion of *As You Like It*, and of his hundred pages from Lodge, glinting and gay, yet not as gay and ebullient as what Shakespeare made of them—the first English stage musical, a theatricalization not only of Sannazaro's dream but of his literary structure too. Every reader who opens Professor Bullough's volumes will find ideas springing to his mind.

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VIDA Y OBRAS DE TOMÁS CARRASQUILLA. By Kurt L. Levy. Medellín, Colombia: Editorial Bedout, 1958. 387 p.

A curious phenomenon in Spanish American letters is the high rate of literary production in a very limited market. This can only be explained as a tremendous urge for self-expression. Few Spanish American writers can devote their entire energies to literature, and a good deal of their output suffers from haste and improvisation. One who devotes himself exclusively to creative writing, and hopes to achieve success solely on the merits of his work, frequently remains unknown, during most of his career at least. Success in other fields is more likely to attract ready attention to his writings. Tomás Carrasquilla attained full recognition rather late in life, but remained generally unknown outside his own country. His death in 1940, at the age of 83, brought fresh attention to his works, both at home and abroad, and recognition of their literary worth has grown steadily ever since.

It was shortly after Carrasquilla's death that Professor Levy became acquainted with some of his works and decided to undertake the study of Carrasquilla for his doctoral dissertation. The present book is the result of an eight-year project, in which Levy left no stone unturned in his search for exact data about the author. He spent long periods of time in Colombia informing himself, visiting all the places where Carrasquilla lived, interviewing everyone who had ever known him, even eating the food he ate, in order to identify himself with the man he had learned to admire. Nevertheless, he has managed to give us an impartial and objective account, monumental in its extent and thoroughness, replete with minute but relevant details which might have been omitted in a book for general consumption but

which find justification in a scholarly study of the great regionalist, one of whose merits is the skillful use of generally overlooked details to breathe life into his characters. Levy's book, despite its mass of documentation and notes, makes interesting reading. It is one of the most thorough and exact biographical studies ever made of a Spanish American author, and a reliable source for any further study of Carrasquilla.

The book, published with the aid of the Colombian government in honor of the first centenary of Carrasquilla's birth, has been excellently translated into Spanish by the Colombian, Carlos López Narváez. It is unusually well edited and surprisingly free of typographical errors, a credit to the author, the translator, and the publishers.

The volume is divided into eight chapters, followed by a conclusion, 40 pages of notes, a bibliography, and a "Parte gráfica" with reproductions of photographs, documents, maps, etc., which contribute greatly to the appreciation of Carrasquilla's life and writings.

Chapter I presents essential biographical data and underscores Carrasquilla's lifelong dedication to literature. Chapter II portrays the man and reveals his salient passion for truth. Chapter III is devoted to his aesthetic theories and shows his struggle to achieve harmony. Chapters IV and V deal with "The Creative Artist." In IV Levy shows Carrasquilla's deep interest in the study and portrayal of children and young people; in V, his psychological analysis of persons obsessed by a single idea which sets them apart from their fellow men and leads them to frustration and tragedy. Chapter VI emphasizes the regional element, Carrasquilla's great affection for his native region. His whole work becomes "A tribute to Antioquia." No Spanish American writer has given us such an insight into the physical and spiritual character and poetry of a region. Chapter VII deals with Carrasquilla's language, and issues a warning: "Imitators, beware!" Professor Levy painstakingly studies the Spanish aspects of Carrasquilla's vocabulary, with its wealth of terms that have become archaic in Peninsular Spanish, the local changes in form and meaning, and the indigenous lexical contributions, all of which Carrasquilla used skillfully to give color and authenticity to his writings. Chapter VIII, "A Sin of Omission," summarizes what the critics have said about Carrasquilla and concludes that they have been too limited and superficial.

In his conclusion the author ventures his own opinions about the writer, restraining his evident admiration for Carrasquilla in order to maintain the objectivity he has adhered to throughout his study. He recalls that Carrasquilla has frequently been compared to the Peninsular masters of the realist school, particularly Pereda. He points out, however, that Carrasquilla was convinced that "la enseñanza de la moral o la solución de problemas sociales o políticos en manera alguna son cosas que incumben a un novelista" (p. 242). He finds in his work a certain parallel with Molière: "Igual que Molière... Carrasquilla mantenía una norma fundamental para justificar su obra de escritor: complacer. Ninguna norma de adoctrinamiento entraba en sus gustos. Sin embargo, igual que Molière, Carrasquilla se mantenía y actuaba profundamente saturado de amor por el sentido común y por la sencillez con que en todo tiempo y lugar lo reflejaba" (p. 243).

Levy points out that, despite certain resemblances to Pereda, Carrasquilla has more in common with the next generation, particularly with Azorín. "Carrasquilla era un escritor profundamente personal; su amor al detalle, su profundo interés por los humildes, por lo al parecer insignificante y básicamente humano—es decir

lo que pervive en tanto que los imperios poderosos se desmoronan—, nos recuerda singularmente a Azorín. Puede decirse que pertenece a la escuela moderna... la frecuente vaguedad de su cronología es una razón más para ello" (p. 244). He compares the careful structure of Carrasquilla's novels, his painstaking revisions and polished style, to Flaubert.

Carrasquilla's work is summarized as follows: "Sus novelas son algo más que preciosos documentos en los que puede estudiarse la vida del continente hispanoamericano. Son espléndidos monumentos erigidos a América a través del espíritu y de la naturaleza de una región pintoresca y sus moradores corrientes, retratados con la más honda comprensión y—lo que es mejor aún—con entrañado amor" (p. 247).

Professor Levy, rather than attempting a methodical critical analysis of Carrasquilla's works, draws from them the elements for a comprehensive study of the author. In this he has been eminently successful.

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THE LETTERS OF RAINER MARIA RILKE AND PRINCESS MARIE VON THURN UND TAXIS. Translated and introduced by Nora Wydenbruck. New York: New Directions, 1958. 294 p.

Thanks to Countess Wydenbruck's endeavors, to whom we already owe a work on Rilke (*Rilke, Man and Poet*, London, 1949), the English-speaking public can now be introduced to one of the richest correspondences of the German poet. Although this epistolary exchange, which covers the last seventeen years of Rilke's life, does not possess the poignant depth of his correspondence with Lou Andreas-Salomé (Zürich and Wiesbaden, 1952), nor the vibrant intimacy of his relationship with Baladine Klossowska (*Rainer Maria Rilke et Merline. Correspondance*, Zürich, 1954), it has certain qualities of directness, humor, versatility, and urbanity which undoubtedly have their value and charm. It presents an aspect of Rilke almost as inseparable from his personality as is his fundamental solitude, an aspect which has often been the target of attacks by critics who fail to recognize in his bent for aristocratic surroundings a genuine need for refinement and beauty.

Princess Marie,[1] Rilke's elder by twenty years—wealthy, generous, maternal but delightfully feminine, lighthearted yet judicious, perfectly at home in three languages (German, Italian, and French), and remarkably receptive to literature and art—met the poet in Paris in 1909. From then on she "adopted" him wholeheartedly, baptizing him (not without a touch of irony) "Dottor Serafico," calling him on other occasions her "delightful child," discussing with him books, persons, and places, counseling him, goading him, translating his verses into Italian, and offering him whenever needed her warm hospitality at Lautschin (Bohemia), Duino, or Venice. It is needless to recall the unique importance of Duino in Rilke's

[1] Princess Marie von Thurn und Taxis, 1855-1934, was the daughter of the Austrian Prince Egon Hohenlohe-Wartenburg-Schillingsfürst and the Italian Countess Thurn-Hofer-Valsassina, from whom she inherited Duino, on the Adriatic near Trieste. She wrote, in French, her reminiscences of Rilke (*Souvenirs sur R. M. Rilke*, Paris, 1936) which form a useful and charming complement to the correspondence.

life and poetry; but let us at least cite one passage from his pathetically jubilant letter of February 11, 1922, announcing to the Princess, from Muzot, the completion of the *Elegies*, initiated at Duino in 1912:

"... it was a nameless storm, a hurricane of the spirit (as *that time* at *Duino*), every fibre and tissue in me was strained to breaking-point—I could never think of food, God alone knows who nourished me. But now it is done. Done. Done. Amen.

"Thus I have survived to this, through everything. Through it all. And it was this that was needful. *Only* this.

"One of them I dedicated to *Kassner*. The whole is *yours*, Princess, how could it be otherwise? The name will be *Die Duineser Elegien*."[2]

Rilke knew well what he owed to the Princess; for, excluded from the world of men as he was, but always fearing on the part of women a possessiveness that might interfere with the sanctity of his work, he had found in her more than a patroness—a friend who respected his need for isolation. Even if at times he adopts with her a tone more worldly and *précieux* than is his usual manner, he can confide to her, without fear of jealously or offense, that, at the cost of any sacrifice, it is his lot to strive "to reach the uttermost limits" of art. It is charming to see how Princess Marie is clearly aware of Rilke's shortcomings and laughs at them. She recognized in him both the genius, with his own particular needs and rights, and the man, so often self-indulgent, egoistic, unreasonable, and confused—and helped both of them.

The American edition is, unfortunately, only a selection from the original German edition published in 1951 by Max Niehans, in Zürich, and edited by Ernst Zinn. Even the German edition was not quite complete, since the letters the Princess wrote to Rilke between January 1910 and April 1912 are lost. But how rich it is, nevertheless, in comparison with the volume under discussion! More than a hundred letters have been entirely omitted, and 240 are given only in fragmentary form. (The German edition, in two volumes, has 1,040 pages, the American, 294.) The letters which have been omitted are very briefly summarized in the text, while the cuts are listed and similarly summarized in an appendix. The choice of the omissions and deletions is often puzzling and disturbing for those who know the original edition. As long as it is only a question of letters and passages concerning domestic and social affairs or family news, we can allow it, although even these trivial matters, narrated on both sides with so much freshness, wit, and human sympathy, are a real loss for the reader. But what of the omissions of Rilke's most acute, original, and illuminating criticisms of Proust, Giraudoux, Maurois, Kleist, Kassner, Stefan George, etc.! What of his revealing comment on Picasso's "Saltimbanques" which inspired the fifth *Duino Elegy*, or the accounts of his meeting with Franz Werfel and of his visit to Goethe's house in Frankfurt! What of his beautiful description of Muzot and its history! And what of the stirring disclosure of his illness, the painful analysis of the alienation from his own body in one of his last letters!

[2] Letter 355, p. 214. The eighth elegy is dedicated to the Austrian philosopher, Dr. Rudolf Kassner. It was through him that Princess Marie was introduced to Rilke's poetry. In later years, Rilke and Kassner often stayed at Lautschin or Duino with the Princess. Both Rilke and the Princess were great admirers of Kassner's writings.

Still, those limited to the English language will be thankful for the intelligent and accurate translation by Countess Wydenbruck; at the risk of seeming affected, she has endeavored, for the most part successfully, to render the specific, subtle flavor of Rilke's elaborate prose and of Princess Marie's spirited impromptus. It could not have been easy—especially the translation of passages and letters in French, a French which on Rilke's side often sounds odd and foreign, and on Princess Marie's rather hasty and careless.

A few inaccuracies may be mentioned. In the letter of February 11, 1922 quoted above, a comma is indispensable after the parenthesis (our punctuation); in the appendix, letter 184 is incorrectly numbered 183; and in the summary of letter 384, the name of the French writer should be spelled *Larbaud*. These are mere trifles. The chief criticism is that the publisher did not allow enough space for a more complete selection.

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DIE SPRACHEN UND LITERATUREN DER ROMANEN IM SPIEGEL DER DEUTSCHEN UNIVERSITÄTSSCHRIFTEN, 1885-1950. By Hans Flasche. Bonn, Germany, and Charlottesville, Va.: H. Bouvier u. Co., 1958. 299 p.

Dr. Hans Flasche is a Romance philologist, and a former librarian and specialist in Romance studies at the University Library at Bonn. He is now professor of Romance philology and director of the Romanisches Seminar at Marburg.

German university publications in Romance studies were first listed in the *Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie* (Vol. I, 1877, primarily for 1875-76) and in the *Systematische Verzeichnis der Programmabhandlungen, Dissertationen und Habilitationsschriften aus dem Gebiete der romanischen und englischen Philologie sowie der allgemeinen Sprach- und Literaturwissenschaft und der Pädagogik und Methodik* by Hermann Varnhagen (2. Auflage, Leipzig, 1893, 296 p., besorgt von Johannes Martin). The basic sources for Dr. Flasche's compilation are the bibliographies appearing in the *Jahresverzeichnis der deutschen Hochschulschriften* (1855 ff.), the *Verzeichnis der an der Universität Wien approbierten Dissertationen* (1937-44) by Lisl Alker, and the special lists submitted by the university libraries of Graz and Innsbruck (1938-45). Dr. Flasche's meaty bibliography of some 4,000 items from twenty-nine German universities, almost one half of which are in linguistics, attests to an important project skillfully and efficiently brought to completion.

The opening, trilingual prefatory remarks (in German, French, and English) clearly state the need for a bibliography such as the one under review. Quoting from the German:

"Besitzen wir auch in Deutschland in dem seit mehr als siebzig Jahren erscheinenden *Jahresverzeichnis der deutschen Hochschulschriften* eine Bibliographie, die in Jahresbänden mit gutem Namen- und Sachregister alle an deutschen Hochschulen veröffentlichten Schriften verzeichnet, so bedeutet die Erfassung der Literatur über ein bestimmtes Thema in diesen unter den alphabetisch aufeinander folgenden Universitäten nur nach Fakultäten geordneten Bänden eine umständliche und schwer zu bewältigende Arbeit. Die sachliche Erschließung dieses

umfangreichen Materials ist eine Aufgabe, die schon seit langer Zeit ihrer Erledigung harrt" (p. xv).

It is to this task that Dr. Flasche dedicates his professional training as a Romanist, as a bibliographer, and as a scholar.

The mark of the specialist is at once discernible in the arrangement of the bibliography. There are two large subject categories: "Sprachwissenschaft" and "Literaturwissenschaft." The titles in the linguistic section are arranged in subject groups: Vulgar Latin, Romance Languages, Rumanian, Albanian and Dalmatian, Italian, Sardinian, Rhaeto-Romanic, French, Provençal, Catalan, Spanish, and Portuguese. These subject groups are arranged in turn in subgroups according to the author of the study or according to the writer treated. For example, the subject caption "French" is subgrouped into "Literary Language" (27 further divisions: e.g., history of the language, characteristics, orthography, phonetics, phonology, morphology, word formation, syntax [13 parts], stylistics, etc.) and "Dialects." In the "Literaturwissenschaft" part the titles are arranged in broad historical sections according to the author or to the writer dealt with. After each dissertation title there is a symbol indicating the name of the university and the date of acceptance of the thesis. Included also is information regarding the pagination of the dissertation; its publication in full, in part, or in abstract; and its availability in manuscript, in typewritten copy, or nonavailability. For further reference there is an index of names of the *doctorandi* (pp. 253-276) and a detailed subject index (pp. 276-299). Dr. Flasche hoped and planned that his bibliography would permit its user immediate orientation in German doctoral research on French literature from 1885 to 1950. The many indices, the varied group divisions, and the clear printing and arrangement have amply fulfilled the ready-reference objectives.

Dr. Flasche has opened to the researcher a wealth of hitherto unavailable material, and it is quite unfair to ask more. However, if a supplement from 1950 on is contemplated, I hope that the dissertations listed in the bibliographies of the *Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie* and the Varnhagen-Martin are included. Furthermore, an evaluation of this vast storehouse of dissertations is in order, and our compiler is the only scholar adequately qualified for the task (cf. my article on "American Doctoral Studies in Germanic Cultures. A Study in German-American Relations, 1873-1949," *The Yearbook of Comparative and General Literature*, 1955, pp. 30-44).

In 1890 the renowned Romance scholar, A. Tobler, delivered a lengthy address at the Humboldt University, Berlin, on "Romanische Philologie an deutschen Universitäten." This was almost seventy years ago. Now that Dr. Flasche's bibliography is in print, the path is clearly prepared for a full "History of Romance Scholarship in German Universities." The Romanisches Seminar and its director, Dr. Flasche, could well be the center of such a coordinated research project.

It would not have been surprising if Dr. Flasche had discontinued his bibliography on doctoral research at any stage after its inception. Most of the factors for the disintegration of the idea were always present. There was the immense scope of the project, the time-consuming details, the arranging of material in groups and subgroups, the unfortunate lengthy illness of the author, and, finally, the ever-frustrating search for publication funds for a bibliography. Dr. Flasche overcame all these obstacles, and we are deeply in his debt.

The Bibliographical Society of the University of Virginia merits our appreciation for having culturally bridged the ocean twice. It co-sponsored in 1954 Rich-

ard Mummendey's *Die Sprache und Literatur der Angelsachsen im Spiegel der deutschen Universitätsschriften, 1885-1950,* and now its companion volume four years later, Dr. Flasche's bibliography. It is a heartening sign of academic "one worldness" at a time when such ideals appear to be politically hopeless.

RALPH P. ROSENBERG

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MUSIC IN THE MEDIEVAL AND RENAISSANCE UNIVERSITIES. By Nan Cooke Carpenter. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1958, xiv, 394 p.

Today's music student takes it for granted that the study of music should be practical. His efforts are usually directed towards improvement of his abilities as a performer. Theory and music history have no other purpose than to assist in the furthering of his career as player, singer, or, perhaps, composer.

This has not always been the case. Music once had its place with the other elements of the *quadrivium*, mathematics, geometry, and astronomy, all liberal arts. The practicing musician, the *cantor*, stood far below the musician, the *musicus*. The often-quoted dictum of Guido of Arezzo expresses a typical attitude: "Great is the distance between musicians and singers; the former know, the latter merely mouth what is music; he who does without knowledge is no better than an animal." Miss Carpenter is concerned with the training of the musician as the mediaeval and Renaissance universities defined him, not with the training of the performer. Practical training was generally confined to music schools within religious establishments.

Miss Carpenter begins with a detailed study of the sources of mediaeval and Renaissance attitudes toward music among the Greeks and Romans and in early mediaeval times. During these long centuries music had its place as one of the fundamental elements of advanced education. As an essential part of the *quadrivium*, musical study emphasized the mathematical elements of sound (*musica speculativa* as opposed to *musica practica*); for here the order of all the world and its elements, the unity within many, could be clearly demonstrated in its simplest way. The Boethian concepts of the three divisions of music, *musica mundana, musica humana,* and *musica instrumentalis,* became the foundations of musical study—*musica mundana* as the "harmony of the spheres," *musica humana* as the inner harmony of man, and *musica instrumentalis* as the music we hear. As a basis for classification and study, Boethian ideas formed a foundation for the centuries to come.

Miss Carpenter examines in detail the curricula of various universities throughout Europe, showing from the preserved records and other primary sources the place of music within the program of such universities as Padua, Paris, Salamanca, Prague, Cologne, Cracow, and St. Andrews, to name only a few. Her documentation is exhaustive. She has not confined herself to sources of direct musicological interest but has ranged far and wide in almost every area of scholarship.

The discussion of each period concludes with a general summary of the total European picture, putting all the fragments of information into a comprehensive picture of the overall situation. These summaries should be required reading for any writer on mediaeval and Renaissance subjects. Much of the nonsense about music which appears in books on these periods need never be repeated.

The concluding section of the study concerns the after-effects of mediaeval and Renaissance university education—its influence after Miss Carpenter's terminal date of 1600. Although the newer view of music as a fine art had begun to weaken its position as a liberal art, a part of philosophy, Miss Carpenter makes it clear that musicians had not completely forgotten their inheritance from the past.

A few small corrections may be noted. Ugolino of Orvieto (p. 68) was never in Orvieto, but spent his early life in Forlì, to around 1430. Only after this date did he remove to Ferrara. His treatise, an example of the *protreptikos* rather than a *speculum*, is properly entitled *Declaratio musice discipline*, rather than *Musica*, as Miss Carpenter has it. He died after 1457, rather than in 1449. Her footnote to the same page, stating that the work was published in 1956 by the American Institute of Musicology, is premature; Book I is now in the press and should be available this coming fall, with the remaining four books to follow in the near future.

It is unfortunate that Miss Carpenter did not have the opportunity to refer to the manuscript, British Museum, Add. 10336, for it would have cleared up some points discussed in her footnote to p. 178. This manuscript was, in all probability, written out by John Tucke, B.A., of New College, Oxford, around 1500. It provides a clear outline of what a university textbook on music from that period included. Most curious is the section on the relation of colors to music.

There is no reference throughout the book to what is now becoming the standard musicological encyclopaedia, *Musik in Geschichte und Gegenwart*, whose fascicles began to appear in 1949, well before the completion date of Miss Carpenter's book. She frequently refers to editions of theoretical works as they appear in the monumental versions by Gerbert (1784) and Coussemaker (1864-78), though more modern versions are available and should have been used; the edition of Hieronymus of Moravia by Simon Cserba (1935), for example, is by far the more accurate.

Miss Carpenter from time to time includes certain items in her notes to bring the text up to date. Unfortunately, the additional material inserted often makes what is said in the text invalid or incorrect. Regarding the material on Ugolino, for instance, my own article mentioned in her note makes corrections which she has failed to adjust in the text. It may have been that the body of the text was already in final proofs and that there was no opportunity to insert the needed corrections.

Nevertheless, Miss Carpenter has given us a book that we have needed for a long time. As a source of information and documentation concerning music education and the teaching of music in mediaeval and Renaissance universities, it has no rival in present scholarly literature. Her summaries are extremely valuable in setting the picture of a period when music occupied a position far different from that which it holds today. The book should be on the shelves of every musician who hopes to understand something of the background of his art.

The University of Oklahoma Press has done a magnificent job of printing. The type is clear, easy to read, and most beautiful. The book is supplemented by many illustrations of old editions and manuscripts of the great theoretical works of the past, all helping to bring the past a little nearer.

ALBERT SEAY

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THE LETTERS OF A RUSSIAN TRAVELER. By N. M. Karamzin. Translated and abridged by Florence Jonas with an introduction by Leon Stilman. New York: Columbia University Press, 1957. 351 p.

The Letters of a Russian Traveler, if not a microcosm of an entire complex as claimed by some critics, exemplifies a definite stage of Russian preromanticism. It has long been ignored by scholars, who, perhaps conditioned by Belinsky's severe critique of Karamzin's belletristic work as artificial and insincere, found it to be imitative and unoriginal. Fortunately, a re-examination is taking place in our time; through Sipovsky's monumental study of *The Letters*, Eikhenbaum's estimation of Karamzin as "an important writer," and the studies of the Russian Academy of Sciences on his linguistic contributions, there runs a recognition of Karamzin's role as a significant coordinator of the preromantic movement.

The English translation of *The Letters* by Mrs. Jonas is, I believe, the first made directly from the Russian. There is a translation dating back to the early part of the nineteenth century, but it was made from a German translation that, according to Karamzin himself, had many flaws. Mrs. Jonas' translation is doubly welcome, as a "first" and as a timely contribution to a revival of interest in Karamzin's creative work.

The translation is excellent, exact, and as faithful as possible to the spirit of the original. Although the book reads easily in Russian, it is difficult to translate well, chiefly because of the need to capture the emotional mood and connotative value of passages without sounding ludicrously sentimental—a fault which Karamzin, for the most part, avoided. The long lyrical farewell opening *The Letters* conveys its sentimentality in Mrs. Jonas' version without a trace of ridiculousness. The translation is also well documented, a truly herculean task when one considers how obscure and oblique some of Karamzin's references are.

The Letters of a Russian Traveler was written for the most part between 1790 and 1795, a period during which Karamzin published some of his most famous, and most sentimental, prose and poetry, e.g., *Poor Liza, Natalie, the Boyar's Daughter, Julia*, and "A Flower on the Grave of My Agathon." His extreme sentimental ideas are apparent in these works: the absolute primacy of the emotions, the superiority of the country over the city, the uninhibited praise of intuition and spontaneity. Later he moderated these views considerably. But, although *The Letters* passed through four redactions during Karamzin's lifetime (1797, 1801-03, 1812-14, 1820), it remained essentially an example of his early sentimental position. While the various textual alterations toned down impolitic remarks concerning the French Revolution and, to a lesser degree, the haziness of language, the significant ideas and concepts remained unchanged.

The cultural primitive in eighteenth-century Russian literature has been little studied (apart from some minor studies in relation to Ossian by N. K. Piksanov and V. I. Maslov), and the primitive in Karamzin's works has been hardly touched at all. In *The Letters*, Karamzin's attitude toward the primitive revolves about the concept of an Arcadia or a Golden Age, where man, influenced by the harmony of nature, was simple, good, and sincere. In the German and Swiss sections, especially in the latter, the peasant is idealized, displaying the emotions most valued by the sentimentalist—love and friendship. In this commendation of natural simplicity and goodness, *The Letters* echoed *Poor Liza*. Karamzin's later prose and poetry were restrained and more stress was placed on urban culture and rational judgment. Another aspect of the primitive, "animalitarianism," or the ascription

of human virtues to animals, appears frequently in *The Letters*, but occurs rarely in the later poetry and the prose. In the Paris section a dog brings its master's murderer to justice, and in the English section a dog is a physiognomist in the fashion of Lavater. In Karamzin's early sentimental period, he emphasized the tragic nature of love and submission to emotional dictates. In the prose and poetry of the late 1790s, he urged more restraint and more intellectual control. Interpolated episodes in *The Letters* illustrate the tragedy of the passions, ending in suicide or madness. In Karamzin's early sentimental view the age was one of tragic love. "Everything, everything [in this age] fills the soul with the inflammable substance which feeds the fire of love" (p. 286).

Some minor criticisms may be made of Mrs. Jonas' book—of more importance to the scholar than to the general public for whom it is intended. As mentioned above, five separate editions of *The Letters* were published during Karamzin's lifetime (and under his personal supervision), and each was different in certain details. After his death, reprints of the 1820 edition (the last of the five) appeared in 1835, 1848, and 1897. Unfortunately there is no indication of the edition used for this translation. However, since the 1820 edition (or reprints of it) are the most easily available, I assume that this was the source. Also lacking is any explanation of the rationale of the abridgment. Does it reflect a special interpretation of Karamzin's sentimental development or simply the translator's preference for certain incidents? The Swiss and English sections seem intact, while the French and German sections have suffered the most. Some explanation would have served to orient the reader. Finally, the preface to the 1801-03 edition of *The Letters*, which contains a remarkably pertinent statement by Karamzin concerning the method of composition and general aim of the work should certainly have been translated.

Professor Stilman's Introduction is a good presentation of Karamzin's early years and some of the formative influences upon him. It is gratifying to find that Stilman does not repeat the assertion that Karamzin's break with the Masons was caused by his lack of sympathy with the Circle's mysteries and mystification—an assertion repeated by a host of critics (Pypin, Tikhonravov, Sipovsky, et al.). Actually, there are strong elements in Karamzin, clearly reflected in his writings, which are allied to these Masonic characteristics. The Introduction does not attempt to place Karamzin in the literary setting of the eighteenth century or to evaluate his contribution to it. A more important writer than is generally supposed, Karamzin's literary contributions made it impossible for those who followed him to return to the older classical conventions and genres. By his example, he not only made a consistent attack upon the old but helped guide his successors into newer, more productive, literary fields.

HENRY M. NEBEL, JR.

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THE PICARESQUE SAINT: REPRESENTATIVE FIGURES IN CONTEMPORARY FICTION. By R. W. B. Lewis. Philadelphia and New York: Lippincott, 1959. 317 p.

It has perhaps been too frequently pointed out by commentators on twentieth-century fiction that we are now in the presence of a new type of protagonist. Sean O'Faolain in *The Vanishing Hero* has spoken of the "disintegration of the Social Hero," who has been replaced by "the anti-Hero." He goes on to say:

"This personage is, as I have already shown, descended, tortuously, from several of those French novelists I have mentioned, though primarily, perhaps, from Stendhal... The anti-Hero is a much less tidy and comfortable concept than the social Hero since—being deprived of social sanctions and definitions—he is always trying to define himself, to find his own sanctions" (p. xxix).

When Claude Mauriac speaks of *aliterature* ("literature freed from the hackneyed conventions which have given the word a pejorative meaning") in *The New Literature*, he is careful to define the new hero who accompanies it—the paralyzed, drugged, or insane type who frequently has no identity. O'Faolain is mainly concerned with the generation of writers who had reached some sort of maturity by the 1920s. Mauriac, with some notable exceptions, treats writers who are still actively writing, those who are in their thirties and forties. *The Picaresque Saint* fits in snugly between the two; Professor R. W. B. Lewis has set as his province the novelists of the second generation of the twentieth century. (The overlapping is negligible: both Lewis and O'Faolain treat Faulkner and Graham Greene; Camus is discussed by both Lewis and Mauriac.) Lewis is faithful to a rigid chronology and refuses to deal with fictional types of an earlier or later period.

Lewis treats exhaustively six writers—Moravia, Camus, Silone, Faulkner, Graham Greene, and Malraux—all of whom reached splendid maturity in the generation following Proust and Joyce. He speaks of them as being "representative" (in Emerson's sense) of the best literary interests of their period. But what intrigues him most about them is that they have created a new type of hero which he calls appropriately the "picaresque saint." A first glance at this paradoxical expression gives one the uncomfortable feeling that Lewis is merely adding another clever catch phrase to the vastly overcrowded storehouse of fictional terminology. One probably carries this bias to a first reading of *The Picaresque Saint*. It is the kind of study which is frequently condemned when only half-read, half-thought through.

The great virtue of Lewis' book, despite the seemingly facile title, is the highly developed awareness which constantly looks beneath the surface and comes up with the valuable analogies on which literary criticism must rest. When speaking of one of his six writers he refuses to forget the others. In a passage such as the following, he convincingly connects several of the initiated:

"Greene's *The Power and the Glory* manipulates such an image; so do Camus's *Caligula*, Moravia's *The Woman of Rome*, and Faulkner's *Light in August*. All of them suggest how the picaresque can after all fulfill many of the traditional requirements of form—how it can be responsive to the current requirements of narrative literature; and none more effectively than *Bread and Wine*" (p. 150).

Professor Lewis' mind must operate like Baudelaire's "tangled wood of symbols" where interrelationships are observable at every turn.

In the opening chapter the picaresque saint is firmly distinguished from the characteristic type of the earlier fiction of the century. The "saintly rogue" has the frantic urge to become intensely human and thrive on human relationships which has been denied the "art for art's sake" recluses of Mann and Joyce. Although Lewis finds the picaresque type in Mann's *The Confessions of Felix Krull* and in Saul Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March*, he stubbornly holds on to his self-imposed chronological limits and refuses to discuss an isolated work from the pen of a first- or third-generation novelist.

Lewis does not use the same kind of approach to each of the six authors. He

gives a fairly full biographical treatment of Silone and Greene to explain the Italian writer's long flirtation with communism, which ended in his leaving the party, and to explain the English writer's "going over to Rome" after the long siege of boredom in his early years. The Faulkner chapter is a more specialized exercise in literary criticism; Lewis begs out of a full-scale treatment of the American novelist on the ground that so much secondary material has already appeared on both sides of the Atlantic. When he has had personal contact with the writer in question, he devotes some space to excerpts from letters and conversations; the chapters on Moravia, Camus, and Silone are enriched by these personal touches.

Thus each of the sections devoted to an individual author has its characteristic pace. Lewis will not be bullied into betraying his intentions—which makes *The Picaresque Saint* the leisurely, unhurried study that it is. Yet there is certainly an organizing principle at work which prevents it from becoming a volume of loosely connected essays. The six writers discussed are more than just creators of hybrids, half-pícaro, half-saint; they have in common a way of handling the novel form.

The Picaresque Saint, unlike so many other studies of the twentieth-century novel, has a refreshing lack of concern with technique. Lewis can decently avoid talking about form *per se* and engaging in elaborate "explications de texte" because the six writers he is concerned with, with the exception of Faulkner, are very traditional. None has done anything radical to change the shape of the novel despite the haunting shadows cast by the previous generation, which had been nurtured on the principles of French and German symbolism. Even with Faulkner, Lewis is careful to avoid the "first generation" experimentalist of *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying* in favor of the "second generation" near-traditionalist of "The Bear." In one of his most convincing passages, he justifies the presence of Faulkner:

"Artistically as well as chronologically, Faulkner belongs among novelists of the second generation, but he has absorbed more from the first generation writers and made better use of it than any of his contemporaries (contrast the misguided use of Joycean monologue in Greene's *England Made Me*). Much insight can be gained into Faulkner and much drawn from him by placing him alongside Joyce and Proust and Virginia Woolf, as Leon Edel has done with striking results in *The Psychological Novel*. Yet Faulkner's peers are, I think, the present ones; and his literary ancestry, like theirs, jumps a generation back into the nineteenth century. He belongs with Silone and Greene and Camus; and in that company, he is the greatest master of narrative technique" (p. 197).

Thus the novel has returned to a more conventional form in the hands of the novelists of the second generation. Each of the six writers is too concerned with political, social, or religious problems to worry much about contorting chronology, introducing analogies from the other arts, and generally twisting the novel out of its traditional shape.

This avoidance of purely technical considerations gives Lewis the opportunity to devote all his attention to the message of the writers he is studying. He has come up with a "conversion" formula for each which proves almost airtight. He uses Faulkner as a point of departure on one occasion:

"I want to praise Faulkner, but not necessarily that which he represents; and indeed, in calling him American, I am pointing to the elements upon which he has practiced his own art of conversion—as Moravia may be said to represent the

erotic element, not only because he converts other human actions into the sexual act, but also because he has sought to transform sexual experience into the sense of being alive and human; as Greene can be called the representative religious novelist, not because priests turn up in his stories, but because of his unique talent for converting backward and forward (as it were) to and from the religious impulse. Faulkner's concern, for a long time, was his own country and the portion of it that was his own countryside; he looked upon the latter not only as a subject but as a kind of prison; all his vigor was directed toward breaking out of it. In "The Bear" he succeeded, I think, in breaking out by a robust and formidable act of artistic conversion" (p. 180).

The key words in this passage are "conversion" and "representative." Lewis has carefully selected his writers on these two bases. In his epilogue he ingeniously ties these strings together in the person of André Malraux, who "may be said to typify the strongly marked evolution of the whole second generation" (p. 277).

The already neat package is fastened even more securely when Lewis attaches a symbolical tag to the movement. He borrows "The Myth of Prometheus" from Camus (the title he gave the segment of his work which includes *The Rebel* and *The Plague*) and applies it to his group of writers in the way that others, including Francis Fergusson, have referred to the first generation novelists as Dedalian. As Dedalus is in flight and tries to effect some sort of artistic escape, so Prometheus attaches himself to the cause of mankind. Thus, as Lewis points out, the heroes of the novelists of the second generation have "taken as the main subject of their work not the citadel of art but the demonstrable reason, the accessible sources of human existence" (p. 27).

A large part of *The Picaresque Saint* is devoted to choosing the most "representative" types of the new kind of protagonist in the works of the six writers. The most convincing portraits which emerge are those of Pietro Spina in Silone's *Bread and Wine* and of the "whiskey-priest" in Greene's *The Power and the Glory*. In Lewis' treatment they become almost reversed images of the same man: Silone's hero a layman disguised as a priest; Greene's a priest disguised as a layman. The "epiphany" (in Joyce's sense) occurs under pretty nearly the same conditions in both novels: in *Bread and Wine* "in the darkness of a squalid hut"; in *The Power and the Glory* "in the blackness and stench of a prison." Pietro Spina and the "whiskey-priest," finally, defy temporal laws in favor of more far-reaching principles.

If Lewis' book has a fault it is probably that the new term he has introduced has too wide and general an application. Some of Lewis' picaresque saints, as other reviewers have already suggested, have been forced into line by clever critical stratagems. The danger always is that such an exercise could degenerate into a sophisticated parlor game.

We might briefly play the parlor game by suggesting a candidate for picaresque saint who has somehow been omitted from Lewis' study. In the epilogue devoted to André Malraux most of the attention is given to Vincent Berger in *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg*. The treatment is in every sense convincing and effective. But we wonder what has become of Ch'en who assumed so epiphanic a position in *La Condition humaine*. If it were Lewis' method to choose only one picaresque saint per writer, then we might understand Ch'en's absence, but that is not his accustomed manner.

Ch'en turns outlaw as he commits his first murder. From then on he has all the

restless passion of a Pietro Spina or a "whiskey-priest," as he defies the laws of his own society in favor of a higher law, the devotion to communism, in which he firmly believes. He finally dies in an unsuccessful attempt to throw a bomb under Chiang Kai-shek's car. All of the saintly urges are here compounded with the sense of being an outlaw, a fugitive. Ch'en's "epiphany" as he hurls himself under Chiang's car is fully as convincing as the moments in the squalid hut in *Bread and Wine* and the moments in the prison in *The Power and the Glory*.

A case may also be made for the inclusion of another novelist of the second generation. Samuel Beckett, born in 1906, seems to thrive on Lewis' type of the picaresque saint. His novels from *Murphy* (1938) through the recent *Nouvelles et Textes pour rien* feature a type of hero who is an amalgam of saint and outlaw. The journey or chase, which is the peculiar property of every picaresque novel, is found in all of Beckett's fiction.

This kind of objection, of course, is never a serious one. Indeed Lewis accounts for such omissions by clearly explaining that he cannot pretend to exhaust his subject, that the process of selection has caused him to make certain compromises. There is little to find fault with in *The Picaresque Saint*—which is why the present review has been more analytical and appreciative than critical and corrective.

MELVIN J. FRIEDMAN

University of Maryland

THE IMAGE OF EUROPE IN HENRY JAMES. By Christof Wegelin. Dallas: Southern Methodist University Press, 1958. 200 p.

In addition to its virtues of exceptional grace and consistency of presentation, Dr. Wegelin's book makes three important contributions. First, unlike several scholars who have seen James as retreating from America toward uncritical adoration of "Europe," Dr. Wegelin emphasizes his role as a mediator between the two civilizations: "to the very end James imaged the contrast between America and Europe as a contrast between the complementary values of spiritual spontaneity [innocence as personified by the American girl] and social experience [or sin]. His [ethical] vision was clearly American" (p. 163), associated with Emerson's absolute idealism.

Second, after early concern with the comedy involved in contrasted manners, "while he began as the chronicler of an international situation which was part of history, and of American history in particular, in time the realist turned symbolist, almost romancer in Hawthorne's sense of the term" (p. 163). The average student in the past has tended to become bored by the details of the manners and courtships and international marriages James describes; Dr. Wegelin manages to make these acquire immense significance when they are interpreted as representative symbols of the two civilizations trying to understand one another. In *The Wings of the Dove* "Milly and Kate are representative of the civilizations which have formed them" (p. 117). The foreign characters are a "synthetic symbol" of Europe, (p. 42), and "*The Golden Bowl* symbolizes a union of America and Europe" (p. 122).

Third, Dr. Wegelin demonstrates persuasively that the *The Ambassadors, The Wings of the Dove*, and the "emblematic" *The Golden Bowl* ought to be inter-

preted in perspective as parts of a trilogy, with the first balanced by the third. "Whereas the first dramatizes the values of empirically derived forms of conduct by contrast with the pitfalls of moral absolutism, the second dramatizes the insufficiency of any moral knowledge purely empirical, *its* liability to corruption, by contrast with an image of supreme spiritual beauty. *The Golden Bowl*... images a synthesis... and finally achieved harmony" (p. 121) as Maggie (America) finally accepts her adulterous husband, the Italian Prince Amerigo (Europe), and refuses to be self-righteous. This symbolic "union of America and Europe... becomes real only when it has purged itself of irresponsibility—particularly of the American irresponsibility toward Europe represented by Adam Verver" (p. 122), Maggie's wealthy father, who thought he could add the Prince to his art collection as "an object of beauty, an object of price" (p. 124).

The book is so packed with sophisticated insights and so graciously presented that one hesitates to mention even minor shortcomings. No mention is made of Taine, on whom James published five essays; analysis of Taine's influence might have strengthened Dr. Wegelin's thesis that James's characters are representative symbols of the civilizations which produced them.

Since at present some teachers devoted to "American studies" tend toward the literal sociological approach, it might be well to emphasize a bit more that James seldom meant his "symbols" to be taken literally as representing *all* aspects of a civilization as a social historian in quest of medians would view it. If James centers on the international "contrast... between the exaltations of absolute idealism and an ethical tradition which is the cumulative product of historical experience whose validity is measured by the test of workability" (p. 129), Dr. Wegelin's thesis would be strengthened by more analysis of what tradition or the past actually meant to James, especially in his nonfictional essays. And, finally, it would seem that Dr. Wegelin might well have pointed out a bit more clearly that there are a multitude of exceptions to James's somewhat naive oversimplification in his "representative" idea that America is to be equated with innocence and Europe with adulterous sin. But on the whole this is a remarkably penetrating and thought-provoking book.

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PETRARCH'S EIGHT YEARS IN MILAN. By Ernest Hatch Wilkins. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1958. xx, 266 p.

Close upon publication of his *Petrarch at Vaucluse* (Chicago, 1958), Professor Wilkins continues his prodigious scholarly output with an analysis of the same poet's life and epistles during his Milanese sojourn of 1353-61. Indeed, this is Mr. Wilkins' fourth major study of Petrarch in the past few years. The Mediaeval Academy of America is to be congratulated for sponsoring this contribution by its current president.

Since Petrarch carried on such a sustained exchange with such a variety of correspondents, the story of his letters is the story of the man. The many facets of Dominus Franciscus which emerge make up the composite portrait of a poet laureate and legate flattered by emperors and cardinals, a dedicated humanist ar-

ranging to make Greek masterpieces available in Latin, and a homeless *fuggiguerra* apologizing to critics for accepting hospitality at Milan under the tyrannical Archbishop Visconti. On the latter score he is even moved to compose and circulate a "white paper" ("libellum de vitae meae cursu contexui").

Although Professor Wilkins is, as always, intent upon shedding light upon the chronology and accuracy of the letters and correcting faulty scholarship by previous Petrarch scholars, the broader title of this volume is amply fulfilled. All the major interests, enthusiasms, and anxieties of the man are here depicted. His missions to Venice, Paris, and Prague are seen as triumphs of eloquence if not of politics. The humanist's love of books is everywhere apparent; we find Petrarch and Boccaccio, for want of clerical help, copying lost manuscripts, gazing enviously at manuscripts they cannot afford, and sharing the excitement of a new translation. The rigors of daily life in the Middle Ages appear in abundance: disastrous wars on land and sea, earthquakes, brigands, thieving servants, and plagues (which carried off Petrarch's son Giovanni as well as Laura and his friend Cardinal Colonna).

Time and again the interesting relations between Petrarch and Boccaccio, sometimes strained and more often cordial, come under discussion. By careful perquisition of the correspondence, Wilkins is often able to tell us just what the two great Trecentisti talked about when together, how they agreed and disagreed (e.g., their differing appreciations of Dante). The correspondent who dominates these pages, however, is Francesco Nelli, loved by Petrarch and idolized by his son. A third major figure is his rival poet laureate Zanobi, whom he viewed with the same ambivalence as Michangelo viewing the upstart keeper of the seal, Sebastiano del Piombo.

Petrarch's stay in Milan was designed to afford him the tranquility and solitude to carry on his many literary projects. Despite interruptions to his work schedule, he did push forward with several projects (including composition of his *De remediis utriusque fortunae*). Although he revised his *canzoniere* considerably, it is again made clear how this great Latinist (who was still trying to learn Greek) failed to anticipate that it was his searing and baroque love poetry in the vernacular which was to affect Western European poetry for over two and a half centuries. (When, incidentally, will scholars recognize in the living-dying, burning-freezing, sweet-embittered martyr of love in the *Rime* the very *capostipite* of European baroque verse?) Little of the *passio* of the young man who loved Laura (de Sade?) is evident in this old man who went on revising and re-ordering the outpourings of his "new life."

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VARIA

Announcements

CL is happy to call to the attention of its readers the Autumn issue of *The Sewanee Review*, a special number of exceptional interest entitled *Homage to Allen Tate: Essays, Notes, and Verses in Honor of his Sixtieth Birthday.*

The American Academy of Arts and Sciences (280 Newton Street, Brookline Station, Boston 46, Mass.) announces its second annual Monograph Prize Program in Humanities, Social Sciences, and Physical and Biological Sciences. The final date in 1960 for the receipt of manuscripts by the committee on awards is October 1.

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